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THE FRENCH EMPEROR:

HIS CHARACTER, INTENTIONS, AND NECESSITIES.

Now that Louis Napoleon is fairly seated on the throne to which he has aspired through so many weary years of disappointment, exile, imprisonment, and intrigue, it becomes a matter of the deepest interest and the most vital moment to English statesmen and English citizens thoroughly to understand the character, wishes, and intentions of the man who thus wields without control the enormous military power of their nearest neighbor—to penetrate, as far as possible, the designs which he may entertain, the ulterior career which he proposes to himself, and those necessities of his position which may drive him to courses which of his free will he never would have adopted. These are difficult problems for solution; on this subject, as on most others, accurate knowledge is not easy of attainment in France; "Truth (as Barrow says) cannot be discerned amid the smoke of wrathful expressions;" and the passions of those nearest to the scene of action, and, therefore, most favorably placed for observation, are still so violent and angry, that their statements and opinions are rather misleading than informing. Nevertheless, having had opportunities of ascertaining the sentiments of most parties in France respecting the new emperor, and having, it is fair to state, conversed with five of his enemies for one of his friends, we shall endeavor to lay before our readers what in our judgment is the real state of the case.

In the first place, it is quite certain, and is now beginning to be admitted even by his bitterest enemies, that Louis Napoleon is not the foolish imbecile it was so long the fashion to consider him. Those who aided in recalling him to France and elevating him to the presidency, under the impression that one so silly and *borné* would be rendered a pliant tool in their hands, soon found that they reckoned without their host. His *mind*, it is true, is neither capacious, powerful, nor well stored; but his moral qualities are of a most rare and serviceable kind. His talents are ordinary, but his perseverance, tenacity, power of dissimulation, and inflexibility of will, are extraordinary. He is a memorable and most instructive example that great achievements are within the reach of a very moderate intellect, when that intellect is concentrated upon a single object and linked with unbending and undaunted resolution. Moreover, his mental endowments, though neither varied nor comprehensive, are very vigorous. He is naturally shrewd, secret, and impenetrable. He has the invaluable faculty of silence. He has, too, been a patient and a wide observer. He has studied politics in Switzerland, in America, and in England. He has devoted his mind to that one subject. He is, too, a deep thinker. He *ponders* much—which few Frenchmen do. His six years' captivity in Ham matured and strengthened, by silent meditation, whatever natural capacities he may have possessed. He writes well and speaks

well; and all his writings and speeches, even where they betray the narrow limits of his knowledge, indicate an eminently thoughtful mind. He has brooded over the history, politics, and social condition of France, till on these subjects he is probably one of the best informed men in the country, though, like most of his countrymen, wedded to many absurd and impracticable crotchets which a better knowledge of political economy would explode.

It is certain, also, that whatever he does and says is his own. He acts and speaks for himself, without interference and without assistance. He listens to every one, asks advice from no one, gives his interlocutors no idea whether or not their arguments have made the least impression upon him, but revolves his plans in the gloomy recesses of his own brain, and brings them forth matured, homogeneous, and unexpected. The minutest details of the *coup d'état* were arranged by himself. All those, from Changarnier and Thiers down to Faucher, who have endeavored to lead, drive, or govern him, have all been baffled, outwitted, and cast aside. When he rose at the table of Bordeaux to make his recent celebrated speech, he observed to his minister for foreign affairs, who sat next him—"Now, I am going to astonish you not a little." When he announced his intention of visiting Abd el Kader at Amboise, General St. Arnaud expressed his hope that Louis Napoleon would not think of liberating him, made a long speech expository of all the evils that would result from such a piece of Quixotic generosity, and quitted the president quite satisfied that he had succeeded in banishing any such scheme from his thoughts. Nor was it till he actually heard Louis Napoleon announcing to his captive his approaching freedom, that he was aware how much good argument he had thrown away. Whatever, therefore, of sagacity or wisdom is displayed in the language or conduct of the new emperor must be credited to himself alone.

But we shall greatly and dangerously misconceive Louis Napoleon if we regard him as a man of shrewdness, reflection, and calculation *only*. The most prominent feature of his character is a wild, irregular, *romanesque* imagination—which often overrides all his reasoning and reflective faculties, and spurs him on to actions and attempts which seem insane if they fail, and the acmé of splendid audacity if they succeed. The abortions of Strasbourg and Boulogne, and the *coup d'état* of last December, were equally the dictates—alike the legitimate progeny—of the same mental peculiarity. He believes, too, in his "star." He is even a blinder and rasher fatalist than his uncle. From early childhood he believed himself destined to restore the Dynasty of the Bonapartists and the old glories of the empire. He brooded over this imagined destiny during long years of exile and in the weary days and nights of his imprisonment, till it acquired in his fancy the solidity and dimensions of an ordained fact. He twice attempted to pluck the pear before it was ripe. His ludicrous failures in no degree discouraged

him or shook his conviction of ultimate success. He only waited for another opportunity, and prepared for it with more sedulous diligence and caution. He "bided his time": the time came: he struck and won. After such success—after having risen in four years from being an impoverished exile to being Emperor of France—after having played the boldest stroke for empire known in modern history—after having discomfited, deceived, and overpowered the cleverest, the most popular, the most eminent, and the most experienced men in France—we may well believe that his faith in his "destiny" is confirmed and rooted almost to the pitch of monomania, and that no future achievement, no further pinnacle of greatness, will seem wild or impossible to him after a past so eventful, marvellous and demoralizing.

Another peculiarity of his character is, that he never abandons an idea or a project he has once entertained. If he meets with difficulties and opposition, he dissimulates or postpones; he never really yields or changes. Cold, patient, and inscrutable, he waits and watches, and returns to his purpose when the favorable moment has arrived. History affords few examples of such a pertinacious, enduring, relentless, inexorable will. This, of itself, is a species of greatness of the most formidable kind. If, then, to this delineation we add that, reserved and silent as he is, he has the art of attaching warmly to him those who have been long about him and who have lived intimately with him;—that, like most fatalists, he is wholly unscrupulous and unhesitating as to his agents and his means;—and that he entertains and has deliberately matured the most extensive, deep-laid, and magnificent schemes of foreign policy;—we have exhausted nearly all that we can speak of as *certain and reliable* regarding this remarkable man; and assuredly we have said enough to satisfy our readers that France has given to herself a master whom it concerns all European statesmen—those of this country more especially—to study closely and to watch unremittingly. Cool, daring, imperturbable, cunning, and profoundly secret—a perplexing compound of the sagacious calculator and the headstrong fanatic—with a large navy, an unrivalled army, and a prostrate and approving nation—what is there which he may not attempt, and might not achieve!

One other feature of Louis Napoleon's mind must be noticed before we can be in a position rightly to estimate the probabilities of his future career. He is a close and servile copyist of his uncle. He has studied profoundly not only the history of the first Napoleon, but his opinions on all matters of policy and administration. He believes, and we think justly, that Napoleon understood more thoroughly than any Frenchman of his day, the nature of the government which France needed, and the degree of self-government which she could manage and would bear; that his sagacity and *justesse d'esprit* on nearly all subjects of administration approached to inspiration; and that if he treads in his footsteps he may aspire to emulate his glory. (We do not, however, extend this remark to Napoleon's warlike conduct and achievements.) This is a sentiment eminently misleading, and full of danger. The talents of the two men are so wholly different, the internal condition and to a great extent the character and feelings of the nation have been so changed by thirty-five years of peace and free institutions, that maxims and modes of proceedings sound and

expedient *then* may be utterly inapplicable *now*. The dazzling fame and the wonderful sagacity of Napoleon I. may be the *ignis fatuus* which will lure astray Napoleon III. to discomfiture and ruin.

There are three sources from which a man's intentions and probable course of action may be inferred—his language, his obvious interests, and his known character. Let us see what light these means of judgment throw upon the projects and views of Napoleon III., especially with regard to the all-important question of war and peace; and if war, with what nation and with what ultimate design.

The words of Louis Napoleon—that is, his public announcements and professions—unhappily can never be relied on as indicative of his intentions; but if regarded at all, must be interpreted by the rule of contraries. He has surpassed even the usual limits of princely perfidy. By repeated and most flagrant perjuries he has forfeited all reasonable hope of being believed, even when he speaks with sincerity and truth. Hence when he proclaimed—"L'Empire, c'est la paix"!—we are reluctantly compelled to put the announcement aside as conveying no meaning, and giving no clue to his real views and purposes. Other words, however, spoken and written at earlier times, and when there existed no direct or immediate motives for deception, may afford us the indications we desire of his habitual ideas, and his fixed, permanent, and long-matured designs. Now we know that long ago, at Ham and before, he repeatedly declared his belief that he was destined to restore the empire and to recover the old boundaries of France. We know that before the Chamber of Peers he said that "he represented a principle, a cause, and a defeat:—the principle, the sovereignty of the people as opposed to legitimacy; the cause, the empire; the defeat, Waterloo." We know that very recently he held up as Napoleon's strongest title to the gratitude of Frenchmen that he abdicated rather than consent to her dismemberment—i. e., her confinement to her former limits. We believe, too—(we cannot say we *know*, because our information is at one remove from first authority)—that he has more than once avowed to his intimates his determination to have a page of history to himself, and his idea of realizing his ambitious dream by an achievement which no one since William, Duke of Normandy, has attempted. So much for his language.

His immediate and obvious interests all lie on the side of peace. With the great mass of the French people of all classes any war would now be most unpopular. They want rest; they want prosperity; they want time to devote to the restoration of their shattered fortunes and the advancement of industry and wealth. They dread the increased taxation which war would inevitably bring. The more reflective among them—and in this class might be mentioned some of the first military men in the nation—deprecate a war, because they believe it would be a war of aggression; therefore, probably, a war against combined Europe; therefore, in the end, an unsuccessful one—and likely to be visited with heavy retaliation and certain dismemberment. The *ouvriers* know that war would put a stop to much of the public and private expenditure which now causes their prosperity. The commercial classes hate war instinctively as well as rationally. The railroads, and the constant intercourse they have encour-

aged, and the extensive intermarriages, connections, and interlacing of interests which this intercourse has brought about—all cry out loudly and powerfully for peace—especially for peace with England. The turbulent and unprincipled journalists, who used to be the great clamorers for war, and the mischief-makers who strove to fan every trifling misunderstanding into a bloody quarrel, are now effectually silenced. The emperor is well aware of all this; the enthusiastic reception of his pacific speech at Bordeaux must have confirmed his previous knowledge of the pacific desires of the people; and we have had ample opportunities of ascertaining that his own friends and supporters of all ranks of civilians deprecate war in the most earnest manner. Louis Napoleon is, we believe, sincerely desirous to promote the interests of France, and perfectly aware that a war would be most inimical to those interests. He also perceives clearly how dangerous and impolitic it would be for himself and his position; and he has more than once repeated the argument we put forth more than a year ago when urging upon him a pacific policy—viz., that war would be a suicidal folly in a civilian like himself; for that an unsuccessful war would destroy him, and that the fruits of a successful one would be reaped by the general who led it. If, therefore, Louis Napoleon is guided by his own interests or by his own clear perception of those interests, he will not voluntarily and deliberately engage in war.

But is his character such as to satisfy us that his policy and conduct will be guided by a regard to his own interests or his own view of them? Assuredly not. This can be safely predicated of few men—least of all of him. Men are governed by their passions and their imagination quite as often as by their interests; and we must remember what we have already shown to be the nature and idiosyncrasy of the man. He is not only a shrewd, selfish, and sagacious calculator; he is equally and preëminently a fanatic, a dreamer, and a fatalist—of a wild and *gigantesque* fancy—pertinacious and inflexible in his ideas, to the very brink of monomania—secret and impenetrable in his designs—and, above all, utterly demoralized by his almost miraculous success. He never abandons an idea or a project; he recoils from no rashness; he believes in no impossibility. Why should he? After the marvellous past, why should he doubt the future? He succeeded in the *coup d'état*—why should he fail in a *coup de main extérieur*? Four years ago he was a pauper, an exile, a supposed imbecile, whom everybody laughed at: he is now Emperor of France by twice as many suffrages as his uncle ever obtained. What, after this, need he despair of doing? He believed himself destined to restore the empire: he has restored it. He believes himself destined to recover the imperial boundary line, and to wipe out the memory of Waterloo:—is he likely to shrink from the adventure? It is said that he admires England and her institutions, and that he is grateful for the kindness and protection he met with while among us. Both we believe to be true; but when did considerations of this sort ever restrain a politician who believes in "his star?"

But we must take into account not only Louis Napoleon's imagination, but his passions. Now, it is notorious that his anger is vehemently excited against both England and Belgium, and for the same reasons. Both countries harbor his personal enemies and the refugees from his tyranny; and

the press in both countries has been unmeasured and unceasing in its abuse of him. Both countries he believes to be centres of perpetual plots against his government; and if he supposed that he could seize the conspirators by a sudden inroad like that by which his uncle obtained possession of the Duke d'Enghien, we greatly question whether any motive of decency or prudence could restrain him from making the attempt. In the case of Belgium too, his irritation is shared by a great number of persons in France; and with the French nation the strongest motive for an attack on Belgium would not be the territorial aggrandizement, but the hunting out of what they regard as a nest of calumniators and conspirators.

Now let us cast a hasty glance at those peculiarities of Louis Napoleon's position which may leave him no free choice as to the line of action he shall adopt, but may compel him to be guided neither by his judgment, his imagination, nor his passions, but by his necessities. The present prosperity of France is great, and the revenue is improving, but the deficit is large and the public expenditure on a most extravagant scale. The unfunded debt is more extensive than is at all safe, and it is scarcely likely that a loan could be easily negotiated—at least in the open market of the world. Embarrassed finances, though in one point of view they may make war difficult, may on the other hand drive the emperor into some rash and desperate step to rehabilitate them. A war in an enemy's country can be made to support itself; and a triumphant army abroad, besides the possibility of levying tribute and indemnity, it might be hoped, would cost less than an unemployed but fully equipped army at home. This may not be a very wise or sound speculation; but we know that men in pecuniary difficulties are notoriously adventurous and wild; and something must be done soon to bring expenditure and revenue to a balance.

But the real difficulty lies with the army. *Res dura et regni novitas* may compel the emperor to do what, if left to himself, and if omnipotent, he would most desire to avoid. Though it is not true that he relies solely on the army,—though his hold over the affections and wishes of the nation is general and strong,—yet it is unquestionably to the army, in the first instance, that he owes his elevation. The army is now the *active* agent in all political movements; and he must content the army if he wishes to retain his power. It is exceedingly numerous, reaching to nearly 400,000 men of all arms. Of these, Algeria employs, at the outside, 80,000, and Rome 20,000. The remainder are either employed as policemen, or are not employed at all. Now, the members of every profession wish for occupation; no man likes to rust away; and the members of the military profession long, in addition, for prize-money, and promotion, and adventure. Only a very limited number of them can be satisfied and kept quiet with decorations and pecuniary advantages; the others become only the more restless, envious, and ambitious. If we except a few of the older and wiser generals, the army as a whole desires war. It cannot be otherwise; it is natural; it is notorious. Part of the army is already disaffected; and can only be restored to and retained in its allegiance by the lucrative and tempting prospects which war holds out. If the president reduced the army to such a number as could be

fully employed in Algeria, Italy, and at home, he might keep his hold upon it without war; but he would make irreconcilable enemies of the disbanded troops; and he dare not and could not afford to make enemies of 100,000 trained, organized, and officered men. If he retains the army at its present, or nearly its present, magnitude, he must, in order to satisfy it, and to retain and enforce his hold upon its affections or adherence, employ it. He must engage in war, whatever be its dangers, at home or abroad. When placed, as he must soon be, between the alternatives of disgusting the people by war, or disgusting the army by peace, he must choose the former; for the army might defend him against the people; the people could never defend him against the army. The people would be passive; the army would be active.

The army is even now notoriously restless and dissatisfied. The Algerine regiments are inclined to the Orleans family; many of those at home are strongly infected with the republican or Socialist opinions;—a war, especially a sudden, dashing, and successful war, would at once rally them all to the imperial *regime*. Louis Napoleon knows all this well. He will not like to be forced or hurried; and war may probably be his last card, but it is one which, sooner or later, he must play. His only security, and ours, would be in a disbanding of 70,000 of the most disaffected troops, and the suspension of the conscription for the next two years. If he does not do this, we may look out for the only other resource.

But Louis Napoleon may not only be driven to war as a matter of necessary policy, which, if successful, would consolidate his throne, and even if not immediately or brilliantly so, would postpone his dangers;—he may be driven to it, if his fortunes become gloomy, and failure and destruction threaten him at home. If he sees his power slipping from under him, he is exactly the man to make a desperate, even an absurdly wild attempt to recover it, by a sudden attack upon England. If such an attempt should be temporarily successful, or even brilliant in its failure, it would give him a new lease of power;—if otherwise, it would, as he well knows, dazzle the excitable and jealous fancies of the French, and impart a sort of lurid and grandiose lustre to his fall. At all events, if a landing were effected, and a serious amount of injury inflicted (as could scarcely fail to be the case), he would have gratified one passion of his morbid mind, and have gained a gaudy, though a stained and disgraceful "page of history to himself."

To sum up the whole, all the obvious and well-understood interests of Louis Napoleon dictate to him the preservation of peace, and the direction of all his energies to the development of the commerce, internal industry, and general resources of France; and he himself is perfectly, coolly, and avowedly aware of this. But he believes that, sooner or later, his *destiny* is war; he is conscious, also, that the necessities of his position may leave him no choice in the matter; and, finally, desperation may drive him to do what prudence would peremptorily forbid. In what form and direction war may first break out—whether by a direct and sudden foray upon our shores, or by an attack on Belgium, which would irresistibly involve us in her defence—we need not speculate now. Happily our rulers have at last become thoroughly awakened to the necessity

of diligent preparation for any contingency;—though not till their apathy and negligence had excited the utter amazement of every statesman in Europe, and every thoughtful military man and unbiassed observer at home. The result may be—we trust in a good Providence that it will—that timely preparations may avert the danger, and prevent the attempt from being made. In that case, we shall of course be abused by the economists and by the thoughtless for our "needless" caution and exertions. But this, ministers and journalists must be prepared to meet and disregard. The man who was deterred by the fear of such senseless invective or such silly ridicule, if a minister, would deserve to be impeached; if a journalist, would be unworthy of his high vocation, and a traitor to his sacred trust.

From the Spectator.

TAAFFE'S HISTORY OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN.*

MILITARY orders have this defect for the purpose of the historian—their story is mostly contained in some larger event, and materials are wanting to substitute particular or individual actions for general history. The Teutonic order, if sufficient records existed, might furnish a continuous story in which the knights themselves formed the principal subject; but in Palestine both the Templars and the Hospitallers were only a portion of the crusading army. The attention is fixed upon the crusading leaders, the chiefs of the orders being subordinate military persons—no more, indeed, than any other knights of rank and distinguished prowess. The great event of the Crusades in connexion with the military orders was their expulsion from the country by the fall of Acre; and then, undoubtedly, they stand alone, for Europe had got pretty well tired of the undertaking. A few years afterwards witnessed the abolition of the Templars with every circumstance of cruelty and ignominy. The Knights Hospitallers, expelled from Palestine, retired to Rhodes, and, on the taking of that island by the Turks, to Malta; where, almost in our own day, they willingly fell before the error or the corruption of Bonaparte. During the middle period of their existence, the deficiency in historical interest which attended their earlier time did not exist. At Rhodes and Malta, the order was the principal figure—the sovereign power; the assistance received being merged in the knights, just as the knights themselves were formerly merged in the Crusades. This portion of the history, however, is already familiar to the world in the animated pages of Vertot; and though more particular information may be discovered by modern research, it is to be doubted whether the general effect of the Frenchman will be improved upon. As yet, indeed, Mr. Taaffe has hardly reached the principal events in the independent existence of the order; his narrative only coming down to their establishment and smaller successes at Rhodes.

The truth of the opinion just expressed is shown by the fact; the historically interesting part of

* The History of the Holy, Military, Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem; or Knights Hospitallers, Knights Templars, Knights of Rhodes, Knights of Malta. By John Taaffe, Knight Commander of the Order, and Author of "Adelais." In four volumes. Volumes I. and II. Published by Hope and Co.

Mr. Taaffe's book is that which relates to the Crusades. Information derived from records will be found as to the object and principles of the order, or to its interior economy, its costume, its acquisitions, or the estimation in which it was held; though we think the author confounds Templars and Hospitaliers together. But the historical interest is confined to the Crusades, and this where manners as well as action are in question. It may be, indeed, that, as regards the Crusades, Mr. Taaffe has the materials ready shaped to his hand in authors of great merit and ability: whereas, in examining the deeds, bulls, and other documents, he has to rely upon his own art for extracting the essential particulars—which art is not very great, for his genius is peculiar and uncultivated. Still we think the nature of the case has much to do with the difference.

As is perhaps necessary, the history of the Order is prefaced by a sketch of the Crusades, and a review of the condition of Europe which led to them. This preliminary matter is the most attractive part of the book. It is executed quaintly, indeed, and with little regard to the received modes of composition; but it conveys a striking idea of the distressed condition of the people, which rendered any change for the better.

The worst of that whole shocking period is precisely what we have now reached, the eleventh century. The list of the woes and grievances of the French is much too long to recite. The oppression of the people by the barons, that of these by the unworthy portion of the clergy, and of all three by the kings when they had an opportunity—all classes were deeply dissatisfied, and ripe for any extravagance. Gothic or feudal, both systems were unjust and odious. Miles justitie (miles meaning then, not so much soldier as knight) knight of justice was more illustrious than any rank or birth. But none but nobles could be knighted.

By an ancient law in France, no one could be imprisoned for debt, and it was lawful to rescue the debtor from any officer who had arrested him. So, how was it possible for a common person to get paid by a nobleman? Only the nobles could fish or fowl. Hunting and hawking were Norman pursuits during peace; in fact, through all France they were the chief occupations of gentlemen; and a knight rarely left his house, either on horseback or afoot, without a falcon on his fist and a grayhound following him. But such diversions were exclusively for the nobles. There was little or no trade; nor could the people, even the few who had scraped together a little cash through some chance, increase it by lending, though interest on money was at forty or sixty per cent. for usury, was adjudged exclusively to the Jews, or Lombards. No glazed windows, no books, no paintings in even the houses of gentlemen; for although the Abbey of St. Denis had windows, both glazed and painted, much earlier, yet glass is said not to have been employed in the best French mansions before the fourteenth century. So it may well be imagined that the cottages were wretched; and undoubtedly no domestic architecture in France was better than in England, where it was execrably bad. And I lay stress upon it the rather that I am quite of their opinion who hold that architecture, more than any other of the fine arts, characterizes its age.

A sad picture, no doubt; but it may be questioned whether the Irish of the nineteenth century are better off as regards material condition than the French of the tenth century were.

This sketch of European manners in early times is curious.

Rude were the manners then; man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden-handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great; candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most two, mugs, of coarse brown earthenware, formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noble mansions drank little or no wine in summer; a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage-portions; even ladies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were either very good or very showy; and grantees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre, and to use less assiduity in spinning and plying their distaff. What is only a symptom of prosperity in large is the sure sign of ruin in small states. So in Florence he might very well deplore, what in London or Paris would be to praise, or cause a smile. Wretchedly indeed plebeians hovelled; and if noble castles were cold, dark and dreary everywhere, they were infinitely worse in Italy, from the horrible modes of torture; characteristic cruelty, too frightful to dwell on. Few of the infamous structures built at the times treated of stand at present. Yet their ruins disclose rueful corners. As to cathedrals, the age for them, though at hand, had scarcely come in the tenth or eleventh century; and when it did, it was simultaneously in Italy, England, France, and Germany.

It is remarkable how, notwithstanding an avowed purpose, a writer is led in spite of himself to the most attractive parts of a subject. Mr. Taaffe's object is not the Crusades, but the great leaders of the Crusades occupy his pen to the neglect of the military orders. Richard of England especially figures. The following singular story of the effect of his name upon the Moslem army before Jaffa is from an Arabian account; so if there is exaggeration it is that of an enemy.

Our master [Saladin] marched East on Saturday evening, the 19th of July, but came back, suddenly, five days afterwards—that is, on Thursday, the 24th, when that accursed King Richard had but ten horsemen and some hundred foot, all lodged in ten tents, therefore outside the town, the walls of the town being in ruins and of no defence. But though our Moslems envired these few Christians, these stood rooted firm, grinding the teeth of war. Astonishing! our cavalry kept cantering round them, without venturing to strike a blow, and then returned into line. It was in the plain, quite close to the ruins of the walls, and the royal miscreant had marshalled forth his shadow of an army, as regularly facing ours in extensive array with the Soldan at his head, as if there were a parity. But what struck me dumb altogether, was to see a whole division of ours at the sound of a trumpet charge like one man, and stop all at once, when they got close to the uncircumcised, as if these were a wall of steel, or something unearthly; their horsemen having their lances couched and vizors closed, but remaining motionless. And their infantry's first file were on one knee, with the end of the handle of their lances fixed in the soil; so that they formed an angle whose points were elevated a couple of feet, the other file up-standing, as usual; but not a weapon was used on either side, nor a word spoken; but ours went back silently and slowly to their ground. Yet ours, I knew, were incited to the utmost by hate and desire to sack.

The indignant Soldan then rode through our ranks to excite them. In vain his son set the example, by riding in a rush towards the Giaours. An emir called out, I could not distinguish what, but it was clear

that ours refused to obey. So our Saladin, after having, in vain, twice given the command, "Charge," perceived he was committing himself uselessly, and, in a transport of rage, had a retreat sounded, and retired, and shut himself up in his tent without seeing any one, and so remained there invisible to us all for three days. But our troops waited for a still more shameful scene. King Richard advancing alone, rode along our whole front with his lance in the rest, and no one was bold enough to accept the challenge and stir from the ranks to fight him.

As an example of the newer matter which Mr. Taaffe seems to have dug out from documents, this account of the dress of the Order may be quoted.

The tunic, birro, and mantle had, all three, the sign of the cross. Under them, what you pleased, shirt, flannel, or even cuirass, but those three were the Crusader's dress. The tunic might be either over or under the cuirass, and was girt round tight, and reached to just below the knee. The birro was a short narrow stripe of cloth, with a hole to receive the head, and then falling on the breast and half way down the back, having the cross both behind and before; nor worn under, but over everything; and at all times this was the most essential article and never laid by; leaving the elbows quite free, and answering for a coat of arms. The mantle might be worn on the shoulder, or drawn round, or not at all, according to the weather. This mantle is represented still by that worn by the knights at their profession, and is black with the white cross. As to the purse and broad girdle, they were worn but by the chief of the Order. So of the first grand master that abdicated, (in 1170), we read, "he laid down his girdle and the seals and the purse."

From the Athenæum.

GRAND MOVING DIORAMA OF HINDOSTAN.

ENCOURAGED by the success of their first experiment, the proprietors of the Asiatic Museum in the Baker Street Bazaar have chosen "the sacred river" of India for the Diorama which they exhibit during the present season. The subject, which ranges over an extent of upwards of two thousand miles, represents the scenery on the banks of the Hooghly, the Bhagirathi and the Ganges, commencing at Calcutta and terminating at the source of the triply-named river, at the base of the Himalayan peak of Gangotri. The materials out of which the Hindostani diorama is constructed are, a series of original and unpublished sketches taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Laard during a residence of fourteen years in India—with some additional sketches made by his friends. On this basis, the picture has been painted by Mr. Philip Phillips, the figures and animals by Mr. Louis Haghe, and the shipping by Mr. Knell:—and the result is in a high degree creditable to the various talent which has been appealed to in getting up this Exhibition.

The start, as we have said, takes place from Calcutta. We stand within the battery of Fort William, and see before us some of the most imposing edifices of that modern city of palaces, with the broad river sweeping past it towards the sea. The curtains close—and when they reopen, we ascend the stream, passing the Prinsep's Ghat, the Babu Ghat, and others differently designated—the Ghats being waiting-houses, with broad flights of steps leading down to the Hooghly, built for the convenience of the multitudes whose avocations compel them to take the ferries across the river. Then follow various edifices—such as

the Steam-mills and the Mint belonging to the capital—and, clear of these, we reach the cottage scenery of Bengal, embosomed in leafy screens of the wide-spreading bamboo, and embellished with the feathery cocoa-nut, the graceful palm, the broad-leaved plantain and the sacred pipal, whose gnarled roots, like a maze of gigantic network, are laid bare by the impetuous current of the Ganges, over which they hang. On the bed of the river float vessels of every description:—the British man-of-war and steamer, the Governor-General's gayly decorated barge, the useful but lumbering budge-row, the ferry and market-boats with their numerous passengers and heavy freights, and the dingy with its solitary occupant. On the shore are natives of every denomination:—the motionless Fakirs, the whirling Nautch-girls, the untiring water-carriers, bearing vessels from the Ganges to the remotest parts of Hindostan, the trusting votaries who send forth their lamp-lit barks beneath the rays of the moon, the charmers of snakes, the jugglers with their strange appliances, the fanatics who flock around the car of Juggernaut, the elephant drivers, the multitudes who throng the bathing tanks, and the mournful clusters who bring their aged sick to die on the banks of the sacred flood. Interposed between the groups that give life to the scenery, rise the stately palaces of Nawabs, the proud minarets of Mohammedan conquerors, grand and picturesque cities such as Moorshedabad and Benares, Mirzapur and Allahabad, the fame of which have filled the world since India first was known. To these every aspect that Nature can lend is added, to heighten the general picturesque effect. Thus we travel from city to city, fresh beauties developing themselves as we proceed, till we arrive at the region of all that is grand in combination with everything that is beautiful, at the foot of the lofty Himalaya. It is no wonder that Simla should be the spot chosen by Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief as their houses of refuge from the toils of office and military duty. But, if the traveller be impelled by scientific enterprise, or—as with the disciples of Bramah—by devotional zeal, the Ganges may be tracked to its highest accessible source, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea—and we pass from the burning sun of the tropics to the very peaks of the loftiest mountains in the world. Here at Gangotri the limit has been attained—and the Diorama ends. The *trajet* has occupied us about an hour-and-a-half. The scenery, the local history, the customs of the inhabitants, and the natural productions of the vast tract of country which we have traversed, are all clearly and ably explained by a gentleman whose Indian experience guarantees the fidelity of that art which is in itself so attractive. This Indian Diorama will, we doubt not, be highly popular.

GIVE me a spirit, that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What Life and Death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law;
He goes before them, and commands them all,
That to himself is a law rational.

Chapman.

From Household Words.

THE GUANO DIGGINGS.

THREE rocks, without a blade of grass upon them—their brown surface cracked by a hot sun, whose beams are rarely intercepted by a cloud—rocks upon which no rain has fallen since the Deluge—yield at present the chief riches of Peru. They are the Chincha Islands. Ships are ever gathering about them to bear off the fatness covering their ribs; that is to say, the guano, which shall fertilize the overtaxed and wasted fields of distant countries. To this guano district may now be added that of the Lobos Islands, to which Peru lays a disputed claim; but I believe that the deposit of guano in the Lobos Islands falls far short, both in quantity and in quality, of that on the Chinchas, from which all the Peruvian guano brought into Great Britain has been taken.

My starting point for the guano diggings was Port Philip, or Victoria, as it is now called; but we are now going gently, if you please, before the south-east trade wind, just opening out the bay of Callao, the sea-port of Lima. For the last few hours we have been gliding slowly along the coast, gazing upon scenery which I should like to describe, but dare not; for though, like most sailors, a pretty good hand at painting a lower mast-head or a topsail yard, I can make nothing of a sketch in pen and ink. Paint for yourself, therefore, the huge masses of rugged brown mountains, rising in steps from the green sea, and the white surf at their base, until the pure blue sky seems to be resting on their distant peaks, where the harsh contrast between earth and air is softened, less by distance than by the dim glitter of the everlasting snow. A fleecy bank of cloud ascending from some unseen valley belongs also to the picture.

Though we are bound only for the Chincha Islands, yet we come to an anchor at Callao; we have already passed the islands once. Here I may say a word on what is a great annoyance to all masters of ships visiting Peru, and a source of additional expense to English ship-owners and charterers. Every guano ship is compelled to enter inwards and outwards at Callao; thus, in the first place, sailing about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the islands to reach the port; then—always against a head wind—beating the hundred and fifty miles back again to Pisco—a small port close to the Chinchas. Here she anchors, and goes through some formal performance or other, remaining sometimes two or three days. Then she sails back again nine or ten miles to the islands, where she loads and afterwards returns to Pisco. Then she goes back to Callao, and finally passes the islands for the fifth, and, happily, the last time, on her homeward passage. Over all this battledore duty a ship often wastes nearly a month, besides generally losing some of her hands from desertion in Callao. Certain it is, however, that there is invariably more formality in petty principalities and dwarf republics, than in states which are more able to enforce respect. Peru is by no means a tremendous power, and it is a token of good in the way of civilization, that the huge merchantmen should let themselves be bullied by her, when the whole fleet of the golden republic might be sailed off with in one parcel, quietly stowed away on board a Cunard liner. It consisted, when I saw it, of the steamer Rimac, two guns; the brig Gamarrez, eight guns; and a little schooner of four guns; the latter stationed at the

islands to enforce respect from some sixty or seventy vessels of all nations.

And now up comes the anchor from its berth amongst the ruins of the old town of Callao, over which our ship is floating. A long low point still shows the remains of the last meal made by the earthquake, which, like a dragon with the stomach of an ostrich, has so frequently snapped up tit bits of town, that the inhabitants appear to have declined providing stone fruit for it. The present houses of Callao are mere sheds of cane and mud, which, in case of a disturbance, yield no heavy brick-bats to be cast down on the heads of their inhabitants. Tall houses built of any heavy material are not eligible residences in an earthquake district.

After five days' tacking against the trade wind we round the large island of San Gallan, which forms part of the Chincha group, but contains little guano. We anchor then before the town of Pisco—a little Callao in the points of dirt and drunkenness. It gives its name to a kind of white brandy well known in the South Seas. It is also especially noted as the residence of an English butcher, who supplies his countrymen with all manner of provisions, from green turtle to red herrings. I have little doubt that his prices are remunerating, as he has the shipping trade all to himself.

Again the ship is in motion, and in an hour the proximity of the guano islands is evident to all but the most nominal noses, for though still five or six miles to windward, the scent of the guano becomes stronger at every ship's length. The three islands lie nearly due north and south; the breadth of the passage between them being about a mile in one distance, and two miles in the other. The south island is as yet untouched, and, from a visit I paid it, I should suppose it to contain more guano than is found in either of the others. The middle island, at which we loaded, has been moderately worked, but the greatest quantity of guano is taken from the north island. In their general formation the islands are alike. They all rise, on the side next the main land, in a perpendicular wall of rock; from the edge of this precipice, the guano then slopes upwards to the centre of each island, where a pinnacle of rock rises above the surface; from this point it descends to the sea by a gentle declivity, the guano continuing to within a few feet of the water. Each island has, at a distance, the appearance of a flattened cone, but they have all been originally broken into rocky hills and valleys. The deposits of guano having gradually filled up the valleys and risen above the rocks, the cuttings of the guano diggers vary from a depth of eighty or a hundred feet to merely a few inches. Though the islands are not large—their average circumference being about two miles—the accumulation of guano is almost incredible. Calculations as to the probable quantity, must, on account of the varying depth of the deposits, be very uncertain. I remember making an average of the depth, and deducing therefrom a rough estimate that the three small islands alone contain upwards of two hundred and fifty millions of tons of pure guano, which, at the rate of supply which has been going on during the last five or six years, would require about one hundred and eighty years for removal, and, at its English value—which, after deducting freight, is about five pounds per ton—would be worth twelve hundred and fifty millions sterling. This is exclusive of vast quan-

titles which have been used by the Peruvians themselves.

A recent traveller in the country asserts that guano was used in the time of the Incas, and that the Spaniards learned its use from the Indians, who employed it constantly. It is chiefly applied in Peru to the cultivation of maize and potatoes. The mode of applying the manure differs from that generally adopted in England. After the plants appear above the ground, a small trench is opened, in some cases round each root, in others, along the lines. In this trench a small quantity of guano is placed, and slightly covered with earth; the whole field is then laid under water, and allowed to remain in that condition for a certain number of hours—from twenty to twenty-four. The water is then drained off, and the effect of the process is soon manifest in the rapid growth of the plants. Where a sufficient supply of water cannot readily be procured, other means of irrigation are adopted, but the guano is never sown broadcast, as in England. The name itself is Indian, originally huano, signifying the excrement of animals, but altered to huano by the Spanish Peruvians; and, owing to their strong aspiration of the h, the English have taken the word from their lips in the shape of guano. It is found on all parts of the coast of South America, even so far south as Cape Horn; but that obtained from the Chincha Islands is the most highly prized, probably for its extreme dryness, as the islands lie within those latitudes in which—on that coast—rain never falls.

And now, having anchored between the north and middle islands, at the latter of which we are to load, we will borrow the boat and have a closer look at the huge muck heap. Pulling half round the island to the landing-place, we step ashore on a narrow slip of sandy beach, which appears to be cleared from the surrounding rocks for our special convenience. Our appearance disturbs thousands of the web-footed natives; these thousands count with the old hands as nothing, for they tell us that the shipping have driven all the birds away. Sailing above us is a flock of pelicans, hovering over the clear water like hawks, which they resemble in their mode of darting down or stooping on their prey. One of these every instant drops from the flock as though a ball had whistled through his brain, but, after a plunge, he is soon seen rising to the surface with a fish struggling in his capacious pouch. Nearer to us, whirling round our heads, are gannets, mews, mutton-birds, divers, gulls, guano-birds, and a host of others whose names are unknown to the vulgar. On the detached rocks and the lower edge of the island—member of a pretty numerous convocation—stands the penguin, the parson-bird of the sailor, whose good name is fairly earned by his cut-away black coat, white tie, and solemn demeanor. His short legs planted far back, and his long body, do not fit him for a walk ashore; but he will sit for hours on a little rock just washed by the waves, apparently in such deep absence of mind, that passers-by are tempted to approach in hope of catching him. Just as the boat nears him, and a hand is already stretched out to grasp his neck, away he goes head over heels in a most irreverent and ridiculous manner, dives under the boat, and shows his head again about a quarter of a mile out at sea, where the sailor may catch him who can, for he is the fastest swimmer and the best diver that ever dipped. Stepping over the mortal remains of several sea-lions, in a few strides we are on the

guano, and, at the next step, in it up to our knees.

The guano is regularly stratified; the lower strata are solidified by the weight of the upper, and have acquired a dark red color, which becomes gradually lighter towards the surface. On the surface it has a whitey-brown light crust, very well baked by the sun; it is a crust containing eggs, being completely honeycombed by the birds, which scratch deep, oblique holes in it to serve as nests, wherein eggs, seldom more than two to each nest, are deposited. These holes often running into each other, form long galleries with several entrances, and this mining system is so elaborately carried out, that you can scarcely put a foot on any part of the islands without sinking to the knee and being tickled with the sense of a hard beak digging into your unprotected ankles. The eggshells and the bones and remains of fish brought by the old birds for their young, must form a considerable part of the substance of the guano, which is thus in a great measure deposited beneath the surface, and then thrown out by the birds.

Having, with some difficulty and the loss of sundry inches of skin from our legs, reached the summit of the island, we descend the side leading to the diggings, and soon arrive at the capital. It stands on a small space cleared of guano, and consists of twenty or thirty miserable shanties, each formed by four slender posts driven into the ground, with a flat roof of grass matting and pieces of the same material stretched on three sides, the other side being left open. Scarcely an article of furniture do these town residences contain, except a few rude benches, two or three dirty cooking-pans, and some tin pots. In one or two of the huts stands a small "botiga" (a curiously shaped earthen jar) filled with pisco, the spirit before mentioned. The beds are simply thin mats, and only a few of the inhabitants possess the usual red blanket of the Peruvian.

Clothes seem to be almost discarded; an old poncho and a ragged pair of calico trousers, form the dress of the aristocracy, but many are all but entirely naked. One hut of greater pretensions than the rest is occupied by two English sailors, who have taken a fancy to the island, and call themselves pilots, as they profess to moor and take charge of the ships during the business of loading.

Close to the town is a rough and steep path to the sea, up which are brought the provisions and water, the latter supplied by the shipping in turns. On the north island is a similar but larger collection of dwellings; there, too, resides the commandant, a military-looking old gentleman—one of the high aristocracy, for he lives in a house that has a window in it. On the north island are about two hundred men, on the middle about eighty, usually; the number varying with the demand for guano. These people are nearly all Indians, and appear to be happy enough in their dusty territory; though everything about them, entables included, is impregnated with guano. They earn plenty of money, live tolerably well according to their taste, work in the night and smoke or sleep all day. To get rid of their wages they take an occasional trip to Pisco, where they spend their money much in the same fashion as sailors, substituting pisco and chinch (maize beer) for rum and ale, and the guitar and fandango for the fiddle and hornpipe.

In getting the guano, the diggers have commenced originally at the edge of the precipitous

side of the island, and worked inland; so that the cutting now appears like the face of a quarry worked into the side of a hill. The steep, perpendicular face of the rock, which rises from the sea like a wall, and the boldness of the shore—there is seven fathom water close in—have afforded great facilities to the loading of ships. On the top of the cliff is a large enclosure formed of stakes, firmly bound together by strong chains passed round the whole. This enclosure is capable of holding four or five hundred tons of guano. It is made wide, and open at the upper end, and gradually slopes down to a point on the extreme verge of the precipice, where a small opening is left; exactly fitting which is a large canvas shute or pipe, which hangs down the face of the rock, nearly to the water. The ship, having taken in by means of her boats enough guano to ballast her, hauls in to this shute, the end of which is taken aboard and passed down the hatchway. The guano is thus poured into the hold in a continuous stream, at the rate of about three hundred and fifty tons a day; the enclosure being filled by the Indians during the night. They carry the whole of the guano down on their backs in bags taking about eighty pounds at each journey.

Some are employed in pushing the guano down the shute, at the mouth of which is stationed an Indian, who, by tightening a rope passed round it, regulates or stops the descent of the manure. To various parts of the long pipe ropes are attached, and which lead to the different mast-heads of the ship, and thence on deck, where each rope is tended by a man who, by successive hauling on and slacking it, keeps the shute in motion, and thus hinders it from choking. This choking, however, now and then occurs; and it is then a difficult and tedious matter to set right again, as the pressure binds the guano into a compact mass, which can sometimes only be liberated by cutting the shute open. Birds are frequently carried down into the ship's hold; and at one of the islands, an Indian, accidentally slipping in, was forced through the shute, and taken out at the other end quite dead. On each island there are two enclosures and two shutes, one much smaller than the other, being used only for loading boats.

After making ourselves fully acquainted with all the economy of the island, we retrace our painful path to the boat, and pull off to the ship, where, the day being Sunday, there is no work going on, and we can amuse ourselves with the scenery around us. Every little hollow in the islands has been gradually filled up, until the surface is nearly levelled; the general dark brown hue singularly broken by scattered projecting crags, white with *huanu blanco*—newly-deposited guano. Round the base of the islands little rocky peninsulas jut out, bored through in many places by the constant washing of the Pacific, whose gentle waves have insinuated themselves many yards into the solid rock, and have formed caverns which are the resort of numerous sea-lions. The time of these hermits seems to be divided between dozing in their gloomy-looking cells, and making hungry irruptions on the shoals of little fish which frequently pass through the channels. I have often watched these little fellows—packed in such dense masses that they seem to have scarcely room to swim in—moving rapidly along, a spray of them every moment leaping from the water and glittering for an instant in the sun; all evidently ignorant of the neighborhood of an enemy. Suddenly,

in the very middle of the party, rises a black, ugly head, and instantly all is confusion—a dozen unfortunates are swallowed in a mouthful. Other heads, equally ugly, pop up in unexpected places, and you can distinctly hear the snapping of the sea-lion's jaws as he works through the flying shoal, and finishes a dinner worthy of a cardinal in Lent. It is not, however, all small fry; whales often come gambolling between the islands, rolling and playing in the sun, and sometimes leaping clean out of the water, into which their huge bodies descend again with a crash that seems to shake the sea itself, and turns the surface into one great frothy washing-tub, amidst the suds of which the giant slowly sinks, throwing up his broad black flukes as if in derision of the lookers-on.

But now our work begins in earnest. Ballast is hoisted up and thrown over the side, and the long boat is busily employed in bringing guano to replace it. Most unpleasant work that is. I was one of the boat's crew, and, since of course much rivalry exists between the ships, that all desire priority in trading, we were at work night and day, leaving our ship at night and remaining under the shute until morning, so as to obtain the first load for our boat. I shall not soon forget the dismal hours we passed there. Close to us—every surge of the boat sending her into its mouth—was a dark ravine, into which the sea poured with one continuous roar. A few fathoms distant stood an isolated rock, every wave dashing boldly up it, and then falling back in sheets of foam, and scattering all around it showers of heavy spray. On our right, moored to the rocks, lay a loading ship, her warps and cables slacked for the night, leaving some twenty feet of dark water between her and the huge black cliff; the base of the cliff marked by the bright line of light which ever glitters on the broken wave of the Pacific. Glancing aloft, we saw, rising and falling with the ship's motion, the long white shute, like a fairy footpath up the rock; whilst, drawn upon the clear blue sky, were lifts, and braces, bowlines, stays, and all the maze of rigging so familiar to the sailor. And there, beyond, lay the dark sister island; her shores, too, lighted by the white ocean-fire, which, in a long dim surf-line, marked the more distant coast of the great continent itself, from which rose in the moonlight the stupendous masses of the Cordilleras. Before morning, the heavy dew and heavier sprays had thoroughly diluted the romance of our position, and when day dawned, we were glad to get the shute into the boat, and cheer ourselves by shouting, in horrible Spanish, to its Indian guardian to let go the guano. In a few minutes down came the shower, and eyes, mouth, and nose were filled with the pungent dust, which continued to pour in until the boat was loaded to the water's edge, and its occupants looked like a portion of the cargo. One old salt, whose bushy black whiskers and long hair contained enough manure to satisfy a small farm, very energetically cursed all the farmers in the world for employing sailors to do their dirty work, instead of coming themselves and carting home the guano in their own broad-wheeled wagons. The boat being loaded, we pulled her slowly off to the ship, where our cargo, having been filled into bags, took the place of the discharged ballast. This sort of work continued for about three weeks, before our turn to haul under the larger shoot arrived.

Our bill of fare aboard would have attractions for some people. Turtle was our commonest dish,

as the skipper found it cheaper to give a dollar for a turtle weighing fifty or sixty pounds, than to supply us constantly with the contractor's beef from Pisco. Our turtle soup, however, would not have passed muster at Guildhall, though thick enough for sailors. Then we had camotes, a sort of sweet potato, which attains a very large size and is generally liked by Englishmen; yuca, a root resembling a parsnip; frijoles, fish, mutton-birds; plenty of seasoning, such as tomatoes, Chili peppers, and aji; and abundance of fruit—melons, grapes, bananas, chirimoyas, alligator pears, &c.; the meat boat being always well supplied with articles of this kind. It brought also, occasionally, a few bladders of pisco, which, being contraband, were smuggled with the due formalities.

At length, one of the English sailors living on the island came off and took us alongside, seeing that we were moored in a proper position for receiving cargo. With him came half a dozen Indians; cholos, we call them—that is, a name applied by sailors to all the different colored races in Peru, though it is the especial property of one tribe only. The duty of these men is to trim the guano in the ship's hold, as it pours out of the shute. The nature of their work may be imagined. The hatchways are quickly choked up, and the atmosphere becomes a mere mass of floating guano, in the midst of which the trimmers work in a state of nudity; the only article of dress with some of them being a bunch of oakum tied firmly over the mouth and nostrils, so as to admit air and exclude the dust. They divide themselves into two parties, one relieving the other every twenty minutes. When at work, they toil very hard, handling their sharp pointed shovels in a style that would astonish even an English navigator, and coming on deck, when relieved, thoroughly exhausted and streaming with perspiration. But in this state they swallow a quart of cold water, qualifying it afterwards with a large dose of raw rum or pisco, and then, throwing themselves down in the coolest part of the ship, they remain there till their turn comes to resume the shovel.

The ship's crew is employed tending the bow-lines attached to the shute, and, though working in the open air, the men are compelled to wear the oakum defences, for the clouds of dust rising from the hold are stifling. The ship is covered from truck to keelson; the guano penetrates into the captain's cabin and the cook's coppers—not a cranny escapes; the very rats are set a-sneezing, and the old craft is converted into one huge wooden snuff-box. The infliction, however, does not last long, three days being generally sufficient for the loading of a large ship. At the end of three days, right glad was I to see the hatches on, the mooring chains hove in, and the flying jib-boom once more pointing towards Pisco.

Here we stayed another three days, which we employed in washing down and trying to restore the ship to her original color. When we left the Chinchas, yards, masts, sails, rigging, and hull, were all tinted with one dirty brown. This cleansing finished, we again tripped our anchor, passed the north island, receiving and returning the cheers always given to a homeward-bound ship, and with studding sails on both sides, ran merrily down before the steady trades, reaching Callao in thirty hours. There the hands who shipped merely for the coasting voyage were discharged, and we who remained were soon overhead in one of the many little streams which water the pampas

lying between Callao and Lima, eager to wash out the alloy of guano with which our skins had been amalgamated at the diggings.

From Mrs. Kirkland's *Garden Walks among the Poets*.

A STILL DAY IN AUTUMN.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

I LOVE to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When Summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

How through each loved, familiar path, she lingers,
Serenely smiling through the golden mist,
Tinting the wild grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst,—

Kindling the faint stars of the hazel, shining
To light the gloom of Autumn's mouldering halls,
With hoary plumes the clematis entwining,
Where o'er the rock her withered garland falls.

Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

The moist winds breathe of crisped leaves and flowers,
In the damp hollows of the woodland sown,
Mingling the freshness of autumnal showers
With spicy airs from cedar alleys blown.

Beside the brook and on the umbered meadow,
Where yellow fern-tufts fleck the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian nods, in dewy slumbers bound.

Upon those soft, fringed lids, the bee sits brooding,
Like a fond lover loth to say farewell;
Or, with shut wings, through silken folds intruding,
Creeps near her heart his drowsy tale to tell.

The little birds upon the hill-side lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings, and softly glides away.

The scentless flowers, in the warm sunlight dreaming,
Forget to breathe their fulness of delight;
And through the transeid woods soft airs are stream-
ing
Still as the dew-fall of the summer-night.

So, in my heart a sweet, unwonted feeling
Stirs, like the wind in Ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no word its mystic charm to tell.
Providence, R. I.

But these are thoughts; and action 'tis doth give
A soul to courage, and make virtue live;
Which doth not dwell upon the valiant tongue
Of bold philosophy, but in the strong,
Undaunted spirit which encounters those
Sad dangers we to fancy scarce propose.
Yet 'tis the true and highest fortitude,
To keep our inward enemies subdued,
Nor to permit our passions oversway
Our actions, nor our wanton flesh betray
The soul's chaste empire; for however we
To the outward show may gain a victory,
And proudly triumph, if to conquer sin
We combat not, we are at war within.

Habington.

From the *Athenæum*.

Homes of American Authors; comprising Anecdotal, Personal, and Descriptive Sketches. By various Writers. New York, Putnam & Co.; London, Sampson Low & Co.

WHETHER we English be in fault or not as having set the example is of small consequence to the fact, that among the Americans respect for privacy seems to have at best a weak and exceptional existence. Mr. Howitt's indiscretions in print regarding the "homes and haunts" of our Moores, Procters, Tennysons—their trim gardens, their studies, and their manners of studying—are here outdone with a confused solemnity of purpose, and a concurrence on the part of many writers, so striking as to assure every one that the subject has been one near and dear to all concerned in it.

Poets and philosophers, in truth, have much to suffer in these days of electrical communication and Bude light. They must now sit on the tripod *pro bono publico*. They can no longer beat their wives in a back parlor without some prying mirror betraying the fact to the sun, who "whips out" a ray on the spot—and behold! the castigation becomes a Talbotype "book-plate" ready for the next coming Christmas offering. We are now made familiar with the very animal from which are to come the pork-chops bespoken to furnish the night-mare that is to fit up the horror for the fifth act of the great melo-dramatist's coming melo-drama. These revelations bring their drawback with them. Enthusiasm and curiosity have "kissed each other" until the most vacant creature who stands in need of sensations which his own poor and hunger-bitten life cannot yield him goes forth licensed to trespass, and pry, and interrupt the gifted, under plea of a hero-worship"—pleading honest admiration as the excuse for flagrant intrusion. Let a great and poetical people like the Americans look to these things a little more earnestly than they have hitherto done. The determination to acquire is an excellent spring of energy—but the reserve which admits liberty for retreat, and which permits contemporary genius to work as it will, to live as it will, to dream as it will—is necessary, we think, to the prosperous, if not to the possible, existence of genius. We must not have our Shakspeare "hounded out" and compelled to create his *Ariels* in the presence of a full theatre. We are contented not to know of what stuff our Milton's "singing-ropes" are made, or who was the tailor, provided we have the song—a "Nativity Hymn"—an "Allegro"—a "Samson"—as may be.

Having thrown out a morsel of counsel—which, however light in manner, is serious in meaning, and not beneath the consideration of a great people eager to naturalize every refinement of intellectual culture—let us proceed to treat this handsomely decorated gift-book according to its own humor—and wander about among its pages and pictures without again saying "*By your leave*," or apologizing if we open the doors of the most secret chambers of Irving, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne. Since these chambers are thrown up to the public gaze, we may as well explore these pleasant mysteries as our neighbors.

The book of authors begins with Audubon; concerning whose life, manners, and conversation there is nothing told which has not been better told in the *Athenæum*. Mr. Paulding's home, a modern composition of bow-windows, verandahs, and venetian blinds, situated "about eight miles above the

town of Poughkeepsie," comes next; but concerning the author of "The Dutchman's Fireside," again, we learn little except that "he is surrounded by a growing family of grandchildren," and is something of a *réactionnaire*—thinking that "the world is quite as apt to move backwards as forwards," and "fully persuaded that the ancients were as wise as the moderns." His house, it may be observed, seems somewhat at variance with his philosophies.

The scenery of the Hudson appears to inspire Transatlantic writers to their best flights. Some of the most vivid and temperate passages of description that we recollect in their light literature refer to the highlands of that haunted river. Thus, the third "home" visited—that of Mr. Washington Irving—contributes some of its most agreeable pages to this volume. The article is further enriched by one of *Geoffrey Crayon's* own pleasant letters, addressed to the editor of the "Knickerbocker;" and by a wood vignette of "Sleepy Hollow,"—which, though not altogether corresponding with Fancy's vision of the scene of *Rip Van Winkle's* slumber, is pleasing both as a picture and as a work of Art.

The home of Mr. Bryant in Queen's County shall be described a little more at length from the book before us:—

(The house stands at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hempstead Harbor, to which the flood tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees, through which, at intervals, are seen farm-houses and cottages, and all that brings to mind that beautiful image, "a smiling land." The position is well chosen, and it is enhanced in beauty by a small artificial pond, collected from the springs with which the hill abounds, and lying between the house and the edge of the harbor, from which it is divided by an irregular embankment, affording room for a plantation of shade-trees and fine shrubbery. Here again Friend Richard was doing what he little thought of; for his only intention was to build a paper-mill—one of the earliest in the United States, whose wheel for many a year furnished employment to the outlet of the pond. The mill was burnt once and again—by way of hint, perhaps, that beauty is use enough; and the visitor cannot but hope it will never be rebuilt. The village at the head of the harbor was long called North Hempstead, but as there were already quite Hempsteads enough in Queen's county to perplex future topographers, the inhabitants united in desiring a more distinctive title, and applied to Mr. Bryant for his aid in choosing one. This is not so easy a matter as it seems at first glance; and in defect of all express guidance in the history of the spot, and desiring, too, a name at once musical in itself and agreeable in its associations, Mr. Bryant proposed Roslyn—the town annals declaring that when the British evacuated the island in 1781, "The Sixtieth, or Royal American Regiment, marched out of Hempstead to the tune of Roslyn Castle." The name is not too romantic for the place, for a more irregular, picturesque cluster of houses can hardly be found—perched here and there on the hill sides, embowered in foliage, and looking down upon a chain of pretty little lakes, on the outlet of which, overhanging the upper point of the harbor, is an old-fashioned mill, with its pretty rural accessories. One can hardly believe this a bit of Long Island, which is by no means famed for romantic scenery. After Richard Kirk's time other Quakers in succession became proprietors of the great farmhouse and the little paper-mill, but at length they were purchased by Joseph W. Moulton, Esq., author of a history of New York, who, not relishing the plainness of the original style, surrounded the house with square col-

urns and a heavy cornice. These help to shade a wide and ample piazza, shut in still more closely by tall trees and clustering vines, so that from within the house is one bower of greenery, and the hottest sun of July leaves the ample hall and large rooms cool and comfortable at all times. The library occupies the north-west corner—that which in our artist's sketch appears at the left—and we need hardly say that of all the house this is the most attractive spot—not only because, besides ample store of books, it is supplied with all that can minister to quiet and refined pleasure—but because it is, *par excellence*—the haunt of the poet and his friends. Here, by the great table covered with periodicals and literary novelties, with the soft, ceaseless music of rustling leaves, and the singing of birds making the silence sweeter, the summer visitor may fancy himself in the very woods, only with a deeper and more grateful shade; and “when wintry blasts are piping loud,” and the whispering trees have changed to whirling ones, a bright wood fire lights the home scene, enhanced in comfort by the hospitable sky without, and the domestic lamp calls about it a smiling or musing circle, for whose conversation or silence the shelves around afford excellent material. The collection of books is not large, but widely various; Mr. Bryant's tastes and pursuits leading him through the entire range of literature, from the Fathers to Shelley, and from Courier to Jean Paul. In German, French, and Spanish, he is a proficient, and Italian he reads with ease; so all these languages are well represented in the library. He turns naturally from the driest treatise on politics or political economy, to the wildest romance or the most tender poem—happy in a power of enjoying all that genius has created or industry achieved in literature.

Up to this point we have had to do with domiciliary guides who perform their inquisition as sober *ciceroni* should do—without endeavoring to draw attention to themselves, by their raptures—epithets—and citations of verse, suitable for the time, place, or person. But the home of the late ambassador, the excellent historian, Mr. Bancroft, boasts a groom of the chambers who has a more enthusiastic tongue than those who went before him. We have pages of high-flown writing about the young American student at home and in Europe;—as may be guessed from the following notice of an interview betwixt the traveller and Lord Byron, which took place at Genoa:—

Upon leaving the vessel, Lord Byron asked Mr. Bancroft to visit him at his villa, Montenero, near the city, to which, a day or two after, he went. They talked of many things, Lord Byron naturally asking endless questions of America. He denied the charge of Goethe about Manfred, and said that he had never read Faust. He had just written the letter upon Pope, and, in conversation, greatly extolled his poetry. Without saying brilliant or memorable things, Byron was a fluent and agreeable talker. It was in the year 1821, and he was writing Don Juan. “People call it immoral,” said he, “and put Roderick Random in their libraries.” So of Shelley: “They call him an infidel,” said Lord Byron, “but he is more Christian than the whole of them.” When his visitor rose to leave, the poet took down a volume containing the last cantos he had then written of the poem, and wrote his name in them, as a remembrance “from Noel Byron.” But Ambrosia was that day allotted to the young American, for as they passed slowly through the saloon, the host bade him tarry a moment, and leaving the room immediately returned with the Countess Guiccioli. She, too, smiled, and gliding into the mazy mule of Italian speech, led the listener on, delighted. Again he rose to go, but a servant threw open a door and discovered a collation

spread in the adjoining room. Perhaps the poet pleased himself with the fancy of graciously and profusely entertaining his foreign subjects in the ambassadorial person of his guest. “That is fame,” he said, upon reading in some tourist's volume that a copy of the English Bards and Scotch Reviewers had been found by him at Niagara. The modesty of his American visitor might recognize in the cordiality of his reception and treatment Lord Byron's acknowledgment of his American fame.

From this point, without preamble or apology, the curious reader shall be conveyed by us into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the author of “The Lives of Ferdinand and Isabella”:—

On entering the library from the drawing-room, the visitor sees at first no egress except by the door through which he had just passed; but, on his attention being called to a particular space in the populous shelves, he is, if a reading man, attracted by some rows of portly quartos and goodly octavos, handsomely bound, bearing inviting names, unknown to Lowndes or Brunet. On reaching forth his hand to take one of them down, he finds that while they keep the word of promise to the eye, they break it to the hope, for the seeming books are nothing but strips of gilded leather pasted upon a flat surface, and stamped with titles, in the selection of which, Mr. Prescott has indulged that playful fancy which, though it can rarely appear in his grave historical works, is constantly animating his correspondence and conversation. It is, in short, a secret door, opening at the touch of a spring, and concealed from observation when shut. A small winding staircase leads to a room of moderate extent above, so arranged as to give all possible advantage of light to the imperfect eyes of the historian. Here Mr. Prescott gathers around him the books and manuscripts in use for the particular work on which he may be engaged, and few persons, except himself and his secretary, ever penetrate to this studious retreat. In regard to situation, few houses in any city are superior to this. It stands directly upon the common, a beautiful piece of ground, tastefully laid out, moulded into an exhilarating variety of surface, and only open to the objection of being too much cut up by the intersecting paths which the time-saving habits of the thrifty Bostonians have traced across it. Mr. Prescott's house stands nearly opposite a small sheet of water, to which the tasteless name of Frog Pond is so inveterately fixed by long usage, that it can never be divorced from it. Of late years, since the introduction of the Cochituate water, a fountain has been made to play here, which throws up an obelisk of sparkling silver, springing from the bosom of the little lake, like a palm-tree from the sands, producing, in its simple beauty, a far finer effect than the costly architectural fancies of Europe, in which the water spurts and fizzles amid a tasteless crowd of sprawling Tritons and slopping dolphins. Here a beautiful spectacle may be seen in the long afternoons of June, before the midsummer heats have browned the grass, when the crystal plumes of the fountain are waving in the breeze, and the rich, yellow light of the slow-sinking sun hangs in the air and throws long shadows on the turf, and the Common is sprinkled, far and wide, with well-dressed and well-mannered crowds—a spectacle in which not only the eye but the heart also may take pleasure, from the evidence which it furnishes of the general diffusion of material comfort, worth, and intelligence. The situation of the house admirably adapts it also for a winter residence. The sun, during nearly his whole course, plays on the walls of the houses which occupy the western part of Beacon Street, and the broad pavement in front is, in the coldest weather, clear of ice and snow, and offers an inviting promenade even to the long dresses and thin shoes which so many of our perverse wives and daughters will persist in bringing

into the streets. Here, in the early days of spring, the timid crocus and snowdrop peep from the soil long before the iron hand of winter has been lifted from the rest of the city. Besides the near attraction of the Common, which is beautiful in all seasons, this part of Boston, from its elevated position, commands a fine view of the western horizon, including a range of graceful and thickly-peopled hills in Brookline and Roxbury. Our brilliant winter sunsets are seen here to the greatest advantage. The whole western sky burns with rich metallic lights of orange, yellow, and yellow-green; the outlines of the hills in the clear, frosty air, are sharply cut against this glowing background; the wind-harps of the leafless trees send forth a melancholy music, and the faint stars steal out one by one as the shrouding veil of daylight is slowly withdrawn. A walk at this hour along the western side of the Common offers a larger amount of the soothing and elevating influences of nature than most dwellers in cities can command.

Those who wish to call on Miss Sedgwick, and Mr. Everett—and to acquaint themselves with the furniture of the late Mr. Cooper's laboratory of romance—will find means of doing so in this volume. Mazy and hazy persons, moreover, will receive comfort, aliment, and (probably they will fancy, ideas also), from the mazy and hazy pages devoted to Mr. Emerson—his habits and reception. The following is curiously transatlantic and transcendental in its humor:—

It was in the year 1845, that a circle of persons of various ages, and differing very much in everything but sympathy, found themselves in Concord. Towards the end of the autumn Mr. Emerson suggested that they should meet every Monday evening through the winter in his library. "Monsieur Aubepine," "Miles Coverdale," and other phantoms, since generally known as Nathaniel Hawthorne, who then occupied the Old Manse—the inflexible Henry Thoreau, a scholastic and pastoral Orson, then living among the blackberry pastures of Walden pond—Plato Skimpole, then sublimely meditating impossible summer-houses in a little house upon the Boston road—the enthusiastic agriculturist and Brook Farmer already mentioned, then an inmate of Mr. Emerson's house, who added the genial cultivation of a scholar to the amenities of the natural gentleman—a sturdy farmer neighbor, who had bravely fought his weary way through inherited embarrassments to the small success of a New England husbandman, and whose faithful wife had seven times merited well of her country—two city youths, ready for the fragments from the feast of wit and wisdom—and the host himself, composed this club. Ellery Channing, who had that winter harnessed his Pegasus to the New York Tribune, was a kind of corresponding member. The news of this world was to be transmitted through his eminently practical genius, as the club deemed itself competent to take charge of tidings from all other spheres. I went, the first Monday evening, very much as Ixion may have gone to his banquet. The philosophers sat dignified and erect. There was a constrained, but very amiable silence, which had the impertinence of a tacit inquiry, seeming to ask, "Who will now proceed to say the finest thing that has ever been said?" It was quite involuntary and unavoidable, for the members lacked that fluent, social genius without which a club is impossible. It was a congress of oracles on the one hand, and of curious listeners on the other. I vaguely remember that the Orphic Alcott invaded the Sahara of silence with a solemn "saying," to which, after due pause, the honorable member for blackberry pastures responded by some keen and graphic observation, while the Olympian host, anxious that so much good material should be spun into something, beamed smiling

encouragement upon all parties. But the conversation became more and more staccato. Miles Coverdale, a statue of night and silence, sat, a little removed, under a portrait of Dante, gazing imperturbably upon the group; and as he sat in the shadow, his dark hair and eyes and suit of sables made him, in that society, the black thread of mystery which he weaves into his stories, while the shifting presence of the Brook Farmer played like heat-lightning around the room. I recall little else but a grave eating of russet apples by the erect philosophers, and a solemn disappearance into night. The club struggled through three Monday evenings. Plato was perpetually putting apples of gold in pictures of silver, for such was the rich ore of his thoughts, coined by the deep melody of his voice. Orson charmed us with the secrets won from his interviews with Pan in the Walden woods—while Emerson, with the zeal of an engineer trying to dam wild waters, sought to bind the wild-flying embroidery of discourse into a web of clear, sweet sense. But still in vain. The oracular sayings were the unalloyed saccharine element; and every chemist knows how much else goes to practical food—how much coarse, rough, woody fibre is essential. The club struggled on valiantly, discoursing celestially, eating apples, and disappearing in the dark, until the third evening it vanished altogether. But I have since known clubs of fifty times that number, whose collective genius was not more than that of either one of the *Dii Majores* of our Concord coterie. The fault was its too great concentration. It was not relaxation as a club should be, but tension. Society is a play, a game, a tournament; not a battle. It is the easy grace of undress; not an intellectual full-dress parade.

We have been beguiled on from house to house—forgetting how late in the year it is—and how many calls are to be paid (literally and figuratively) on our own historians, novelists, poets, playwrights, and punsters, ere the New Year comes in. One more threshold, however, we must cross;—that of Mr. Hawthorne. The justice of time, that fails no deserving man, has at last set him in his due place as among the most individual and distinguished of contemporary novelists. But, for a long period, the author of "The Scarlet Letter" seems to have been little more than a shadow and a myth in his own country:—

To the inhabitants of Concord, however, our author was as much a phantom and a fable as the old parson of the parish, dead half a century before, whose faded portrait in the attic was gradually rejoining its original in native dust. The gate, fallen from its hinges in a remote antiquity, was never re-hung. The wheel-track leading to the door, remained still overgrown with grass. No bold villager ever invaded the sleep of the "glimmering shadows" in the avenue. At evening no lights gleamed in the windows. Scarcely once in many months did the single old nobby-faced coachman at the railroad bring a fare to Mr. Hawthorne's. . . . Sometimes, in the afternoon, a darkly-clad figure was seen in the little garden-plot putting in corn or melon seed, and gravely hoeing. It was a brief apparition. The farmer passing towards town and seeing the solitary cultivator, lost his faith in the fact and believed he had dreamed, when, upon returning, he saw no sign of life, except, possibly, upon some Monday, the ghostly skirt of a shirt flapping spectrally in the distant orchard. Day dawned and darkened over the lonely house. Summer with "buds and bird-voices" came singing in from the south, and clad the old ash-trees in deeper green, the Old Manse in profounder mystery. Gorgeous autumn came to visit the story-teller in his little western study, and, departing, wept rainbows among his trees. Winter impatiently swept down the

hill opposite, rifling the trees of each last clinging bit of summer, as if thrusting aside opposing barriers and determined to reach the mystery. But his white robes floated around the Old Manse, ghostly as the decaying surplice of the old pastor's portrait, and in the snowy seclusion of winter the mystery was as mysterious as ever. Occasionally Emerson, or Ellery Channing, or Henry Thoreau—some poet, as once Whittier, journeying to the Merrimac, or an old Brook Farmer who remembered Miles Coverdale with Arcadian sympathy—went down the avenue, and disappeared in the house. Sometimes a close observer, had he been ambushed among the long grasses of the orchard, might have seen the host and one of his guests emerging at the back door and sauntering to the river-side, step into the boat, and float off until they faded in the shadow.

The inhabitant of this Castle of Dreams appears to be admirably suited to such a tenement:—

During Hawthorne's first year's residence in Concord, I had driven up with some friends to an esthetic tea at Mr. Emerson's. It was in the winter, and a great wood fire blazed on the hospitable hearth. There were various men and women of note assembled, and I, who listened attentively to all the fine things that were said, was for some time scarcely aware of a man who sat upon the edge of the circle, a little withdrawn, his head slightly thrown forward upon his breast, and his bright eyes clearly burning under his black brow. As I drifted down the stream of talk, this person, who sat silent as a shadow, looked to me, as Webster might have looked, had he been a poet—a kind of poetic Webster. He rose and walked to the window, and stood quietly there for a long time, watching the dead, white landscape. No appeal was made to him, nobody looked after him, the conversation flowed steadily on as if every one understood that his silence was to be respected. It was the same thing at table. In vain the silent man imbibed esthetic tea. Whatever fancies it inspired did not flower at his lips. But there was a light in his eye which assured me that nothing was lost. So supreme was his silence that it presently engrossed me to the exclusion of everything else. There was very brilliant discourse, but this silence was much more poetic and fascinating. Fine things were said by the philosophers, but much finer things were implied by the dumbness of this gentleman with heavy brows and black hair. When he presently rose and went, Emerson with the "slow, wise smile" that breaks over his face, like day over the sky, said: "Hawthorne rides well his horse of the night."—Thus he remained in my memory, a shadow, a phantom, until more than a year afterward. Then I came to live in Concord. Every day I passed his house, but when the villagers, thinking that perhaps I had some clue to the mystery, said—"Do you know this Mr. Hawthorne?" I said "No," and trusted to time. Time justified my confidence, and one day I, too, went down the avenue, and disappeared in the house. I mounted those mysterious stairs to that apocryphal study. I saw the cheerful coat of paint, and golden-tinted paper-hangings, lighting up the small apartment; while the shadow of a willow tree, that swept against the overhanging eaves, attenuated the cheery western sunshine. I looked from the little northern window whence the old pastor watched the battle, and in the small dining-room beneath it, upon the first floor, there were

Dainty chicken, snow-white bread,

and the golden juices of Italian vineyards, which still feast insatiable memory. Our author occupied the Old Manse for three years. During that time he was not seen, probably, by more than a dozen of the villagers. His walks could easily avoid the town, and upon the river he was always sure of solitude. It

was his favorite habit to bathe every evening in the river, after nightfall, and in that part of it over which the old bridge stood, at which the battle was fought. Sometimes, but rarely, his boat accompanied another up the stream, and I recall the silent and preternatural vigor with which, on one occasion, he wielded his paddle to counteract the bad rowing of a friend who conscientiously considered it his duty to do something and not let Hawthorne work alone; but who, with every stroke, neutralized all Hawthorne's efforts. I suppose he would have struggled until he fell senseless, rather than ask his friend to desist. His principle seemed to be, if a man cannot understand without talking to him, it is quite useless to talk, because it is immaterial whether such a man understands or not. His own sympathy was so broad and sure, that although nothing had been said for hours, his companion knew that not a thing had escaped his eye, nor had a single pulse of beauty in the day, or scene, or society, failed to thrill his heart. In this way his silence was most social. Everything seemed to have been said. It was a Barmecide feast of discourse, from which a greater satisfaction resulted than from an actual banquet.

A compliment like the above is, of its kind, a real treasure; only to be equalled perhaps in the meaning of its *no-meaning* by the *adagio* movement of Spohr's symphony, "The Power of Silence," which is devoted to the description of Silence! We can fancy no one made more quietly merry by such a fine paragraph than the author of "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe." Ere parting from him—and, with him, from this handsome gift-book, also—we cannot resist falling into the American humor of gossiping concerning public men and matters from private communications. Perhaps the following may be news to the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and to his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. A letter from the depths of Russia announces that, attracted by the notice in the *Athenaeum*, a Russian literary man, of much taste and accomplishment, has completed a translation into Russian of "The House of the Seven Gables," and published the same in a Muscovite journal! This is something like fame.

CELESTIAL TACTICS.—Among the Chinese in our city, many amusing scenes occur in their attempts to adapt themselves to our manners and way of doing things. There is no better fun than to see a Celestial on horseback, especially if the animal is any way vicious or refractory. Upon two or three occasions we have noticed them in that particular fix, though it was impossible not to sympathize with them in their terrible and unpleasant situation. Now and then one, in taking a morning ride, or turning out upon a public occasion, mounts a spirited animal, and never for a moment thinks of navigating by the reins. They take a death-grip with both hands on the pommel of the saddle, and sit and shout aloud in an unknown tongue, while the animal uses his own pleasure as to his speed and the direction of travel. A few evenings since, a large crowd had collected on Montgomery street, to witness the tactics of some Celestials, who were endeavoring to manage a horse attached to a loaded dray. The horse was gentle and submissive, and would move right along, but every now and then some one of the party would sing out some awful word, which would cause the animal to back until the dray touched the side-walk. This was repeated for an hour, till at length one of the bystanders took pity on the Celestials, and drove the animal according to established Jehu principles.—*Alla California.*

From the Spectator.

The Songs of Scotland, without Words; for the Pianoforte.

The Dance Music of Scotland; a Collection of all the best Reels and Strathspeys both of the Highlands and Lowlands, for the Pianoforte. Arranged and edited by J. T. SURENNE.

THESE volumes are supplementary to the work recently published at Edinburgh under the title of "Wood's Songs of Scotland;" a work which we have already designated as being one of the most valuable collections extant of the indigenous vocal melody and ballad-poetry of Scotland. It is ample, as well as select, containing all the gems of Caledonian song, unmixed with the inferior matter with which most of the large collections are encumbered. The melodies are uniformly given in their best and purest forms; and the accompaniments are skilful and musician-like—elegant and varied, without departing from the characteristic simplicity of the airs. The value of the work is much enhanced by the admirable literary matter contributed by its editor, Mr. G. F. Graham, whose introductory dissertations and copious notes on the songs are full of interest, and have thrown many new lights on Scottish song.

The supplementary works, whose titles are given above, are edited by Mr. Surenne, a professor of music in Edinburgh, one of the gentlemen by whom, under the general supervision of Mr. Graham, the pianoforte arrangements of the songs in the original collection were written. But Mr. Graham has added to the value of both, by furnishing to each of them an introduction, in which his taste, learning, and research are conspicuous, and which contain much curious matter not contained in his previous contributions.

Mr. Graham is of opinion that it is impossible to conclude that national melodies of attractive beauty and marked character, such as the Scottish, sprang from the mere untutored singing or instrumental playing of a rude and ignorant peasantry, and had no foundation in a musical system of remoter antiquity and of more artificial structure. It seems evident, he conceives, that the best and oldest Scottish airs, as well as Irish and Welsh, were founded on such a system, modified by national character and circumstances of the people. He inclines to the belief, though without positively adopting it, that the melodies of Scotland owe some of their peculiarities to the chants of the Romish Church.

"However that question," he says, "may be ultimately settled, certain it is, that in the modes or scales of the Romish plain-chant may be found the elements of the most ancient Scottish airs, not only in the intervals employed, but in the sounds most prominently dwelt upon in chanting, at the beginning, or in the middle, or at the close of the chant."

He put this opinion to an experimental test. "Many years ago, we took a number of these old Romish chants, and, by reducing them to regular rhythmical form, in notes of various lengths, we produced melodies that were decidedly Scottish in their character, as was acknowledged by both professional musicians and amateurs among our countrymen. It must be observed that this fact detracts nothing from the intrinsic beauty or merits of our ancient Scottish airs, such as they

exist; since every melody *must* be composed in some scale or other, and since the difficulty consists in arranging the sounds of this or that scale so as to produce from them pleasing and popular melodies. In this consists the whole art of such melodic musical composition."

The circumstance that numbers of foreign musicians from France and Italy were anciently entertained at the court of Scotland, is reasonably believed to have had a considerable influence on the popular music of the Lowlands, which (as is well known), differs essentially in its character from the Celtic music of the Northern Highlands. The accounts of the lords high treasurers of Scotland, still preserved in the General Register House, show that many professional musicians, chiefly Frenchmen and Italians, were maintained at the Scottish court, in the times of James the Third, James the Fourth, James the Fifth, and Mary; and it appears, from the same accounts, that native musicians were sent abroad from the court to study their art more thoroughly. All this must have had some effect on the popular music of the country, though it gives no countenance to the belief that any of our existing Scottish music was composed by Queen Mary's unfortunate favorite, David Rizzio; a story which Mr. Graham treats with absolute incredulity. He deals in the same manner with the oft-repeated assertion that the celebrated Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, imitated in his compositions the Scottish style of melody. This assertion Mr. Graham has fully discussed and confuted in several of his notes in the "Songs of Scotland," and he now brings forward further proofs of its fallacy, showing, from the Prince of Venosa's history, and the character of his compositions, that the notion of his having in any degree imitated the national melody of Scotland is a mere absurdity.

The ancient intercourse between the Scandinavian nations and Scotland must have had an influence on the character of the Scottish music. In reference to this subject, Mr. Graham gives a number of old Danish and Norwegian airs, undoubtedly genuine, and possessed of a wild and rude beauty, but much less regularly and artificially constructed than the melodies of Scotland generally are.

The importation into England of a Scotch king and a Scotch court was followed, of course, by an importation of Scotch music. Before the end of the seventeenth century the Northern melodies had become popular, and their peculiarities were imitated by English composers, even by Purcell himself. So-called Scotch songs were sung by the favorite singers of the day at Vauxhall and other public places; and some of these Cockney ditties—"Deil take the wars," "T was within a mile of Edinburgh town," &c.—have come to pass current even in Scotland, and are admitted into every collection.

In regard to the Highland music, it is essentially different from that of the Lowlands, and apparently of a more primitive character. "From their local position and peculiar habits," says Mr. Graham, "the Celtic population of the Highlands of Scotland were less liable than the Lowlanders to the influences of the Romish church-music, or of the secular music brought into our country by foreign musicians; and thus it is reasonable to suppose that the vocal and instrumental music of the Scottish Highlanders, though none of it seems to have been written down till the seventeenth

century, may have preserved some of its antique features unchanged."

Mr. Graham's introduction to the "Dance Music of Scotland" is also curious and pleasant. The reel and strathspey, as he tells us, are really the only national dances of Scotland; and accordingly it is of reels and strathspeys that the collection of dance music entirely consists. "Fifty years ago," says Mr. Graham, "the fashionable dances taught in Edinburgh and other large towns in Scotland were minuets, cotillions, reels, and strathspeys, and country dances. Now, with the exception of the reels and strathspeys, all these dances have disappeared, and made way for the waltz, the polka, &c., which last will in turn yield their places to some other salutory novelties. But the reels and strathspeys have held their ground, manfully and womanfully, in both Scotland and England, to this day; and we are not sure that they have not of late years found their way even to France, that soil of all soils the most bedaced by merry lads and lasses." This, in truth, is the case. Our queen is fond of Scottish dances since she has become the Lady of Balmoral; and they find favor at the Tuileries and in the Chaussée d'Antin, as well as at Buckingham Palace and in Belgravia.

Mr. Graham has given a catalogue of printed collections of Scottish Melodies, from Playford's Dancing Master, published in the year 1657, down to the present time. They amount to no fewer than ninety-seven, many of them being of considerable size, and some very large and costly. They form an uninterrupted series, but appearing gradually in greater numbers, and showing the great and growing popularity of the Scottish national music and song during the whole of this period.

THE LATE SIR J. J. GUEST.—On the 26th of November last, died, at Dowlais, near Merthyr Tydvil, in the 68th year of his age, Sir J. J. Guest, member for that borough, and one of the largest iron-masters in the world. Like the Arkwrights and the Peels, the late baronet, by his own skill and industry, had raised to the greatest prosperity a most important branch of British trade, and had accumulated a colossal fortune. His grandfather, Mr. John Guest, the son of a small freeholder at Brosely, in Shropshire, accompanied, in the middle of the last century, to South Wales, a well-known cannon-founder named Wilkinson, and the first furnace was raised, under their joint superintendence, at Dowlais. The works were sold at his death to a firm, of which his son, the father of the late baronet, was the manager. In 1806 they only produced yearly about 5000 tons of iron, and were, on the death of the proprietors, in considerable pecuniary embarrassment. The entire management then devolved upon Sir J. J. Guest, who, by his extraordinary capacity for business, his mechanical ingenuity (to which many of the most important improvements in the working of iron are to be attributed), and by a judgment in mercantile transactions rarely equalled, not only cleared the firm from debt, but raised the produce of the mines in a few years to no less than 68,000 tons. In 1849 the entire property in the Dowlais works became vested in him. He was returned for the newly created borough of Merthyr after the passing of the Reform Bill, and has represented that place ever since. He was made a baronet in 1838; and married in 1833 (being then a widower), the Lady Charlotte Bertie, only daughter of the late Earl of Lindsay—a lady to whom is owing much of the moral and social improvement that has taken place in the population connected with the Dowlais works. Identifying herself with the people, she acquired their language, translated and published their national

traditions, and directed her well-deserved influence to the establishment of schools and other institutions for the education of the working-classes. The funeral of the late baronet was attended by an immense concourse of people—as many as 20,000 persons being, it is said, assembled in Dowlais. All business and work was suspended for the day throughout the district. This slight record of his life is due to the memory of a man who was one of that class to which this country owes so much of her wealth and prosperity.—*Times*.

SAFE RAILWAY COLLISION.—The manifest danger of railway collisions has frequently and naturally suggested the inquiry, whether there is no method by which they may, as regards passengers and carriages, be rendered innocuous; and this important query leads to a consideration of the means by which vessels on the river, coming into contact with each other, are, to a limited extent, protected, by using an article which is termed a fender, upon which a portion of the force of the collision is expended. Whilst, in the opinion of some practical men, an invention of that description would not have a sufficiently resisting power to render it useful as for railway purposes, it would nevertheless appear that it is not impossible to construct a fender of adequate resisting capabilities to absorb any force that might be directed against it. This opinion is formed after an inspection of the working model of a fender recently patented by Mr. A. T. Forder, of Leamington; where it was exhibited on Saturday last to a select number of gentlemen, including the local magistracy. Before describing this invention, and to enable the reader clearly to understand the principle of its construction, we will observe that the mode in which a fender wards off the danger of a blow is by gradually absorbing its force; or, in other words, by possessing a resisting power exercised by degrees, and which should be equal to that of the blow which it encounters. The improved fender consists of two parts, one called the striker, and the other the receiver. The striker is formed of a plate of metal, into which a number of strong bars of steel of different lengths are fastened. The receiver is a similar plate with apertures, over which are placed pieces of spring-steel, the centres of which correspond with those of the bars in the striker. The two bars are fixed together, so that the latter may slide towards the receiver, and each bar of the striker be exactly opposite the centre of its antagonistic steel plate. One fender is intended to be fastened to each end of every carriage. As the striking bars are of different lengths, and project accordingly from the plate, it is manifest that upon the centre part of the plate being struck the bars will successively bend and break its opposing spring plate; and if there are a sufficient number of them, the fender will absorb the whole of the impelling force, and, in case of a rail collision, stop the train without injury to passengers or carriages, inasmuch as the whole of the blow will have been expended in breaking the plates. The force of the collision conveyed to the carriages will be equal to a succession of slight blows, each of itself insufficient to injure the train. The working model exhibited on Saturday consisted of a railway five feet high at one end and three inches at the other, being thirty feet in length, and forming an inclined plane or fall of one in six. Upon the highest position of the rails were placed two carriages fitted up with glass windows, and in all respects similar to first and second class railway conveyances; at the end of each was appended a model fender of the above description; and upon a given signal, the train, each carriage of which weighed about sixty pounds, ran down the rails against a block placed at the bottom. The result of the collision or blow was that the plates in the fender were nearly all broken, whilst the carriages remained perfectly uninjured. There was no visible recoil, and the train was brought to a dead stand in an instant.—*Aris' Birmingham Gazette*.

KATIE STEWART.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XX.

THE mild spring night has darkened, but it is still early, and the moon is not yet up. The worship is over in John Stewart's decent house, and all is still within, though the miller and his wife still sit by the "gathered" fire, and talk in half whispers about the events of the day, and the prospects of "the bairns." It is scarcely nine yet, but it is the reverent usage of the family to shut out the world earlier than usual on the Sabbath; and Katie, in consideration of her fatigue, has been dismissed to her little chamber in the roof. She has gone away not unwillingly, for, just before, the miller had closed the door on the slow, reluctant, departing steps of Willie Morison, and Katie is fain to be alone.

Very small is this chamber in the roof of the Milton, which Janet and Katie used to share. She has set down her candle on the little table before that small glass in the dark carved frame, and herself stands by the window, which she has opened, looking out. The rush of the burn fills the soft air with sound, into which penetrates a far-off voice, which proclaims the little town still awake and stirring; but save the light from Robert Moulter's uncurtained window—revealing a dark gleaming link of the burn, before the cot-house door—and the reddened sky yonder, reflecting that fierce torch on the May, there is nothing visible but the dark line of fields, and a few faint stars in the clouded sky.

But the houses in Anster are not yet closed or silent. In the street which leads past the town-house and church of West Anster to the shore, you can see a ruddy light streaming out from the window upon the causeway, the dark churchyard wall, and overhanging trees. At the fire stands a comely young woman, lifting "a kettle of potatoes" from the crook. The "kettle" is a capacious pot on three feet, formed not like the ordinary "kail-pat," but like a little tub of iron; and now, as it is set down before the ruddy fire, you see it is full of laughing potatoes, disclosing themselves, snow-white and mealy, through the cracks in their clear dark coats. The mother of the household sits by the fireside, with a volume of sermons in her hand; but she is paying but little attention to the book, for the kitchen is full of young sailors, eagerly discussing the events of the day, and through the hospitable open door others are entering and departing, with friendly salutations. Another such animated company fills the house of the widow Morison, "aest the town," for still the afternoon's excitement has not subsided.

But up this dark leaf-shadowed street, in which we stand, there comes a muffled tramp, as of stealthy footsteps. They hear nothing of it in that bright warm kitchen—fear nothing, as they gather round the fire, and sometimes rise so loud in their conversation that the housemother lifts her hand, and shakes her head, with an admonitory, "Whisht, bairns; mind, it's the Sabbath-day."

Behind backs, leaning against the sparkling panes of the window, young Robert Davidson speaks aside to Lizzie Tosh, the daughter of the house. They were "cried" to-day in West Anster kirk, and soon will have a blithe bridal—"If naething comes in the way," says Lizzie, with

her downcast face; and the manly young sailor answers, "Nae fear."

"Nae fear!" But without, the stealthy steps come nearer; and if you draw far enough away from the open door to lose the merry voices, and have your eyes no longer dazzled with the light, you will see dim figures creeping through the darkness, and feel that the air is heavy with the breath of men. But few people care to use that dark road between the manse and the churchyard at night, so no one challenges the advancing party, or gives the alarm.

Lizzie Tosh has stolen to the door; it is to see if the moon is up, and if Robert will have light on his homeward walk to Pittenween; but immediately she rushes in again, with a face as pale as it had before been blooming, and alarms the assembly: "A band of the cutter's men; an officer, with a sword at his side. Rin, lads, rin, afore they reach the door."

But there is a keen, eager face, with a cocked hat surmounting it, already looking in at the window. The assembled sailors make a wild plunge at the door; and while a few escape under cover of the darkness, the cutter's men have secured, after a desperate resistance, three or four of the foremost. Poor fellows! You see them stand without, young Robert Davidson in the front, his broad bronzed forehead bleeding from a cut he has received in the scuffle, and one of his captors, still more visibly wounded, looking on him with evil, revengeful eyes; his own eye, poor lad, is flaming with fierce indignation and rage, and his broad breast heaves almost convulsively. But now he catches a glimpse of the weeping Lizzie, and fiery tears, which scorch his eyelids, blind him for a moment, and his heart swells as if it would burst. But it does not burst, poor desperate heart! until the appointed bullet shall come, a year or two hence, to make its pulses quiet forever.

A few of the gang entered the house. It is only "a but and a ben;" and Lizzie stands with her back against the door of the inner apartment, while her streaming eyes now and then cast a sick, yearning glance towards the prisoners at the door—for her brother stands there as well as her betrothed.

"What for would ye seek in there!" asked the mother, lifting up her trembling hands. "What would ye despoil my chaumer for, after ye've made my hearthstane desolate! If ye've a license to steal men, ye've nane to steal gear. Ye've dune your worst; gang out o' my house, ye thieves, ye locusts, ye—"

"We'll see about that, old lady," said the leader;—"put the girl away from that door. Tom, bring the lantern."

The little humble room within was neatly arranged. It was their best, and they had not spared upon it what ornament they could attain. Shells far travelled, precious for the giver's sake, and many other heterogeneous trifles, such as sailors pick up in foreign parts, were arranged upon the little mantelpiece and grate. There was no nook or corner in it which could possibly be used for a hiding-place; but the experienced eye of the foremost man saw the homely counterpane disordered on the bed; and there indeed the

mother had hid her youngest, dearest son. She had scarcely a minute's time to drag him in, to prevail upon him to let her conceal him under her feather bed, and all its comfortable coverings. But the mother's pains were unavailing; and now she stood by, and looked on with a suppressed scream, while that heavy blow struck down her boy as he struggled—her youngest, fair-haired, hopeful boy.

Calm thoughts are in your heart, Katie Stewart—dreams of sailing over silver seas, under that moon which begins to rise, slowly climbing through the clouds yonder, on the south side of the Firth. In fancy, already, you watch the soft Mediterranean waves, rippling past the side of the Flower of Fife, and see the strange, beautiful countries, of which your bridegroom has told you, shining under the brilliant southern sun. And then the home-coming—the curious toys you will gather yonder for the sisters and the mother; the pride you will have in telling them how Willie has cared for your voyage—how wisely he rules the one Flower of Fife, how tenderly he guards the other.

Your heart is touched, Katie Stewart, touched with the calm and pathos of great joy; and tears lie under your eyelashes, like the dew on flowers. Clasp your white hands on the sill of the window—heed not that your knees are unbended—and say your child's prayers with lips which move but utter nothing audible, and with your head bowed under the moonbeam which steals into your window like a bird. True, you have said these child's prayers many a night as in some sort a charm, to guard you as you slept; but now there comes upon your spirit an awe of the great Father yonder, a dim and wonderful apprehension of the mysterious Son in whose name you make those prayers. Is it true, then, that He thinks of all our loves and sorrows, this One, whose visible form realizes to us the dim, grand, glorious heaven—knows us by name—remembers us with the God's love in his wonderful human heart;—us scattered by myriads over his earth, like the notes in the sunbeam? And the tears steal over your cheeks, as you end the child's prayer with the name that is above all names.

Now, will you rest? But the moon has mastered all her hilly way of clouds, and from the full sky looks down on you, Katie, with eyes of pensive blessedness like your own. Tarry a little—linger to watch that one bright spot on the Firth, where you could almost count the silvered waves as they lie beneath the light.

But a rude sound breaks upon the stillness—a sound of flying feet echoing over the quiet road; and now they become visible—one figure in advance, and a band of pursuers behind—the same brave heart which spent its strength to-day to warn the unconscious ship—the same strong form which Katie has seen in her dreams on the quarterdeck of the Flower of Fife;—but he will never reach that quarterdeck, Katie Stewart, for his strength flags, and they gain upon him.

Gain upon him, step by step, unpitied bloodhounds!—see him lift up his hands to you, at your window, and have no ruth for his young hope, or yours;—and now their hands are on his shoulder, and he is in their power.

"Katie!" cries the hoarse voice of Willie Morrison, breaking the strange fascination in which she stood, "come down and speak to me a word, if ye wouldna break my heart. Man—if ye are a

man—let me bide a minute; let me say a word to her. I'll maybe never see her in this world again."

The miller stood at the open door—the mother within was wiping the tears from her cheeks. "Oh, Katie, bairn, that ye had been sleeping!" But Katie rushed past them, and crossed the burn.

What can they say?—only convulsively grasp each other's hands—wofully look into each other's faces, ghastly in the moonlight; till Willie—Willie, who could have carried her like a child, in his strength of manhood—bowed down his head into those little hands of hers which are lost in his own vehement grasp, and hides with them his passionate tears.

"Willie, I'll never forget ye," says aloud the instinctive impulse of little Katie's heart, forgetting for the moment that there is any grief in the world but to see his. "Night and day I'll mind ye, think of ye. If ye were twenty years away, I would be blither to wait for ye, than to be a queen. Willie, if ye must go, go with a stout heart—for I'll never forget ye if it should be twenty years!"

Twenty years! Only eighteen have you been in the world yet, brave little Katie Stewart; and you know not the years, how they drag their drooping skirts over the hills, when hearts long for their ending, or how it is only day by day, hour by hour, that they wear out at length, and fade into the past.

"Now, my man, let's have no more of this," said the leader of the gang. "I'm not here to wait your leisure; come on."

And now they are away—truly away—and the darkness settles down where this moment Katie saw her bridegroom's head bowing over the hands which still are wet with his tears. Twenty years! Her own words ring into her heart like a knell, a prophecy of evil—if he should be twenty years away!

CHAPTER XII.

The cutter is no longer visible in the Firth. Enconcecd beyond the shadow of Inchkeith, she lies guarding the port of Leith, and boarding ship after ship; but the bereaved families in Anster, awaking on this sad morrow to remember their desolation, have not even the poor comfort of seeing the vessel into which their sons have been taken.

By six o'clock poor Katie Stewart sadly crosses the dewy fields to the Billy Ness, straining her eyes to see the cutter; before her is another anxious gazer, a woman equipped for a journey, with shoes and stockings in her checked apron, and the tartan plaid which covers her shoulders loosely laid up, like a hood, round her clean cap. It is Peggie Rodger.

"I canna rest, Miss Katie," said the sailor's wife—"I maun ken the warst. My auldest's a guid length; she can take care o' the little ones till, guid news or ill news, I win back. I've never closed an e'e this night; and afore another comes, if it binna otherwise ordained, I'll ken if Davie's in the brig or no. Eh! Miss Katie! where were my een when I didna see that mair folk than me have sleepit nane this weary night!—and the Lord have pity on ye, lassie, for ye're a young thing to mell wi' trouble."

"If ye'll come with me to the Milton, Peggie," said Katie, "and break your fast—I'm gaun to Kellie, and it's the same road, for twa or three miles."

"I've three-and-twenty mile afore me this day," said Peggie Rodger, "and when I stand still for a moment I feel myself shake and tremble, like that grass on the tap o' the rock; but I'll wait for ye if ye're gaun on the road, Miss Katie—only ye maunna tarry, and ye wadna be for starting sae early. You're young yet, and so's he—and there's nae but your twa sels. Keep up a guid heart, and dinna look sae white and wae, like a guid bairn."

But Katie made no reply to the intended consolation; and, after another wistful look up the Firth, the two anxious hearts turned back together towards the Milton. The end of Peggie's apron was tucked over her arm, and in the other hand she carried her bundle, while her bare feet brushed the dew from the grass; but along flinty high-ways, as well as over the soft turf and glistening sea-sand, must these weary feet travel before their journey's end.

A hurried morsel both of them swallowed, in obedience to Mrs. Stewart's entreaties, though Katie turned from the spread table with sickness of the body as well as of the heart. Strangely changed, too, was Mrs. Stewart's manner; and as she adjusts the graceful little mantle, which now may hang as it will for any care of Katie's, and stoops down to wipe some imaginary dust from the silver buckles in those handsome shoes, and lingers with kind hand about her sorrowful child, touching her gently, and with wistful eyes looking into her face, no one could recognize the despot of the Milton in this tender, gentle mother. Poor little Katie! these cares and silent sympathies overwhelm her, and, after she has reached the door, she turns back to hide her head on her mother's shoulder, and find relief in tears.

"Ye'll tell Bauby, Miss Katie?" said Peggie Rodger, stealthily lifting her hand to her eyes to brush off a tear which, in the silence, as they walk along together towards Pittenweem, has stolen down her cheek. "I sent her word that Davie was expected in, and she was to ask away a day and come down to see us. Weel, weel, it was to be otherwise. Ye'll tell her, Miss Katie?"

"But ye dinna ken certain, Peggie. Maybe he's no among the pressed men, after a'."

Peggie shook her head, and stooped to bring the corner of her apron over her wet cheek. "If he had been an auld man, or a weakly man, or anything but the weel-faured honest-like lad he is, Gude help me! I would have maist been glad; but afore he was married, Miss Katie, they ca'd him, for a by-name, bonnie Davie Steele; and weel do I ken that an officer that kent what a purpose-like seaman was, would never pass owre my man. Na, na! they're owre weel skilled in their trade."

Poor Peggie Rodger! Her eyes glistened under her tears with sad, affectionate pride; and Katie turned away her head too, to weep unseen for her handsome, manly Willie. In his vigorous youth, and with his superior capabilities of service, what chance or hope that they would ever let him go?

They parted near the fishing village of St. Monance, where the inland road, ascending towards Kellie, parted from the highway along the coast. The sailor's wife lingered behind as Katie left her—for they parted just beside a little wayside inn, into which Peggie for a moment disappeared. All the money she could muster was tightly tied up in a leathern purse, and hidden in her breast—for the use of Davie, if he needed it—leaving but a

few pence in her hand. But there was still some twenty miles to go, and Peggie felt that even her anxiety, strong as it was, could not suffice alone to support her frame.

In her lap, wrapt in her handkerchief, she carries a round wheaten bannock, which Mrs. Stewart forced upon her as she left the Milton; and Peggie's errand now is to get a very small measure of whiskey—the universal strengthener—and pour it into the bannock, "to keep her heart," as she says, on the way; for Peggie's health is not robust, and great is the fatigue before her.

From the Milton it is full five miles to Kellie, and, under the warm sun, Katie in her grief grows weary and jaded; for the girlish, immature frame cannot bear so much as the elder one—and grief is new to her; not even the sorer, serious grief of ordinary life has ever clouded Katie—much less such a fever as this.

"Eh, Katie Stewart, my bonnie bairn, wha's meddled wi' ye?" exclaimed Bauby Rodger, as, coming down the long avenue from the castle, she met her half way. "What's happened to ye, lassie!—ye have a face as white as snaw. Pity me, what's wrang?"

But the light was reeling in little Katie's eyes, and the sick heart within brought over her a "dwaum" of faintness. She staggered forward into Bauby's arms.

"My bairn!—my darling!—what ails ye, Katie Stewart?"

For in her grief she had lost the womanly self-command which was still new to her, and like a child was weeping aloud, with sobs and tears which could no longer be restrained.

"Oh, Bauby!—it's Willie—Willie Morison! He's pressed, and away in the cutter's boat, and I'll never see him mair!"

The good Bauby pillowed the little, pretty head on her breast, and covered it with her gentle, caressing hand; for gentle were those great hands, in one of which she could have carried the little mourner. "Whisht, my bairn! Whisht, my darling!" With kindly tact, she tried no more decided consolation.

"But he's pressed, Bauby—he's pressed—poor Willie!—and I'll never see him again."

"Whisht, whisht," said the comforter; "ye'll see him yet mony a merry day. Ye're but a bairn, and it's the first dinnee, but a pressed man's no a dead man. I was born in a sailor's house mysel, and I ken—"

Katie lifted up her head, and partly dried her tears.

"Did ye ever ken ony of them come back, Bauby?"

"Come back! Bless the bairn!—ay, without doubt, as sure as they gaed away. Wasna there Tammas Hugh came back wi' a pension, and Archie Davidson made a gunner, and might get, if he wanted? And just last New Year—nae farther gaen—young John Plenderleath out of the Kirkton of Largo. The bairn's in a crael!—what should aill them to come back?"

"But they weren't pressed, Bauby," said Katie, as she put back the hair from her cheeks, and brushed off the tear which hung upon her eyelash.

"And what's about that? There's been few pressed hereaway yet—but they were a' in men-o'-war, and that's just the same. Nae doubt they come back. And now, keep up your heart like a guid bairn, and tell me a' hoo it was."

And Bauby led her back to the castle like a child, soothing and cheering her with the true instinct and wonderful skill of love; for her little nursing—her wayward, capricious, wilful charge—was the light of Bauby Rodger's eyes.

"And bonnie Davie Steele—canty Davie Steele!" exclaimed Bauby. "Wae's me! have they ta'en him too! And what's puir Peggie to do wi' a' thae little ones! Little kent I what wark was on the Firth when I was wishing ye hero yestreen, Miss Katie, to see what a bonnie night; but we dinna ken a step afore us, puir, frail mortals as we are! Weel, dinna greet. I wonder Peggie Rodger hadna the sense to cheer ye when she saw sic trouble on a bit bairn like you; but now ye're putting in your hand to a woman's weird, Katie Stewart; and, for a' folk say, a woman body has nae time, when trouble comes upon her, to ware in greeting, if it binna when the day's dune, and the dark bars wark, and makes mourning lawful. You maun keep up your heart for the sake of them that that wae look o' yours would take comfort frae; and nae fear o' him—he'll be back afore you're auld enough to make a douce wife to him, Katie Stewart."

Poor little Katie! it was all she could do to keep that wan smile of hers from ending with another burst of tears; but she swallowed the rising sob with a desperate effort, and was calm.

Lady Anne was full of sympathy—grieved and concerned for the sorrow of her favorite, though perhaps not so much interested in Willie as was her maid. This deficiency had a very weakening effect on her consolatory speeches; so that, while Bauby succeeded in chasing away the tears altogether, they came back in floods under the treatment of Lady Anne.

"Katie, nobody in the world cares more for you than I do. You must not give way so—you must bear up and be calm. Many a one has had a greater trial, Katie, and there are plenty left to like you dearly. Katie, do you hear me?"

Yes, Katie hears you, Lady Anne; but she is covering her face with her hand—those little, slender fingers which last night were pressed on the eyes of Willie Morison, and felt his burning tears—and in her heart, with passion and pride which she cannot subdue, refuses to take comfort from this cold consolation, and, rocking back and forward in her chair, weeps without restraint, while you bid her be calm; for you must say it no more, gentle Lady Anne. Dear are you to Katie Stewart as Katie Stewart is to you; but there are in the world who care for her more than you could do, were your heart void of all tenderness but for her; and it is poor comfort to tell her that she has no love that is greater than yours.

"My bairn! my darlin'! ye'll watch his ship into the Firth on a bonnier night than yestreen," whispered Bauby in her ear; "and a wae fu' man would he be this day to see the bit bonnie face weel wi' greeting, that should keep a clear o'e for his sake; for he would misdoubt your patience to tarry for him, Katie Stewart, if he kent how you tholed your grief."

"He wouldna doubt me; he kens me better," said Katie, dashing aside her tears, and looking up with a flash of defiance in her eye; "for if naebody believes me, Willie believes me, and he kens I would wait on him if it were twenty years."

And indignantly Katie wiped her cheek, and raised herself upright upon her chair, while the good Lady Anne looked doubtfully on, half in-

clined to resent Bauby's interference, and considerably more than half inclined to be shocked and horrified, and to think there was something very wrong and indelicate in the grief and tenderness which she did not understand.

"Lady Anne, Lord Colville's captain of a ship," said Katie. "I came to ask you if he couldna get Willie free; because I'll gang to Lady Betty mysel, and so will my mother, if my lord will help Willie."

"Katie, you forget me," said Lady Anne, sadly. "If Lord Colville could do anything, it's me that should take you to Edinburgh. But Lord Colville's away to the sea again, and Betty has no power. I'll write to her to-day, to see if she has any friends that could help. I don't think it, Katie; but we can try."

"But writing's no like speaking, Lady Anne."

"Katie, my sister Betty forgets you no more than she forgets me; and though she's vexed, as well as me, that you've chosen so much below you, yet still if your happiness is concerned—if it really is concerned, Katie—there is no doubt she will try; and if Betty can do anything, you need not fear."

"I came up for that," said Katie, under her breath.

"I thought you were coming to stay. I thought you were coming home," said Lady Anne, in a reproachful tone; "but you forget me and everybody, Katie, for him."

"No, I dinna, Lady Anne," said Katie, gasping to keep down the sobs, "but you're in nae trouble—in nae need; and I saw him—I saw him ta'en away from everything he cares for in this world. Oh, Lady Anne!"

For it was very hard the beginning of this woman's weird.

"For my own part, Bauby," said Lady Anne that night, as her giant maid assisted her to undress, "I think it is a providence; for to marry a sailor, even though he is a captain, is a poor fate for Katie Stewart; and if Lord Colville's interest could do him any good, it would be better to get him advanced in the service, as far as a common person can, than to bring him home; for Katie's young, and she'll forget him, Bauby."

"If she does, my lady, I'll never believe what the heart says mair," said Bauby, with an incredulous shake of her head.

"But you don't think how young she is," said Lady Anne, slightly impatient; "and it's not as if she were alone, and nobody to care for her but him. There's her mother, her own family; and there's my sisters and me. If he stays away she'll be content to live all her life at Kellie. She'll forget him, Bauby."

But Bauby only shook her head.

Lady Anne engrossed a greater than usual portion of Bauby's time that night, very much to the discontent of the maid; and when at last, dismissed from her mistress' room, Bauby softly opened Katie's door, and stole in, she found the light extinguished and everything dark and silent; for even the moon was veiled in the skies, and the windows of Katie's little bed-chamber did not look toward the distant Firth.

Was she sleeping, worn out with her first sorrow? Bauby softly drew her hand over the pillow, to feel in the darkness for Katie's face—the great rough hand which love and kindness made so gentle; and now it touches the wet cheek, over which quiet tears are stealing from

under the closed eyelids. Bend down, Bauby,—whisper in her ear—

"They hae a freit in some pairts, Miss Katie, that if ane yearns sair to see a far-away face, ane's maist sure to see it in a dream, and the way it is at the moment, if it were thousands of miles away. Will ye let him see ye with the tears wet on your white cheeks, Katie Stewart, and him needing sair, puir man, to hae ye smile! Fa' asleep wi' a smile on your face, my ain bairn, and he'll see it in his dreams."

Now take away your kind hand, Bauby Rodger, and go to your own wakeful rest, to think of her, and pray for help to her young clouded life—for you are the better comforter.

CHAPTER XXII.

A few weeks of suspense and anxiety followed. Lady Betty was written to, and Lady Betty professed her entire inability to do anything; but Katie was jealous of Lady Anne's letter, which she did not see, and laboriously indited one herself, to the astonishment and admiration of everybody about the Milton, and the profound awe of Bauby Rodger. Katie's letter was not long, but it took a whole day's retirement in her little chamber in the roof of the Milton to produce it; for Katie had not much experience in the use of her pen.

And a week after, there was brought to the Milton a note, not quite so small as a modern lady's epistle, and sealed with a great seal, bearing the arms of Colville and Kellie. With trembling fingers Katie cut open the enclosure, reverently sparing the family emblem.

"MY DEAR LITTLE KATIE,—Your letter gave me a clearer idea of what has befallen you than Anne's did; though you must not think, as I fancy you do, that Anne was not honest in desiring to serve you. I believe she thinks, and so do I, that you might have done better; but still, for all that, would be glad now to do anything which would make you the happy little Katie you used to be. For you have entered the troubled life of a woman far too soon, my dear, and I that am older than you, and that have known you and liked you since you were a very young thing, would be very glad if I could banish all this from your mind, and make you a free, light-hearted girl again, as you should be at your years.

"But as this is not possible, Katie, I would gladly have helped the young man, and perhaps might, if Lord Colville had been at home—though my lord's heart is in the service, and it would have taken much pleading to make him part with a likely seaman, even if it had been in his power. But now, you see, my lord is away, and I can do nothing; not for want of will, my dear Katie, but entirely from want of power.

"However, you must keep up your heart. To serve his king and his country is an honorable employment for a young man. I am sure I think it so for my husband; and Providence will guard him in the battle as well as in storm. If Lord Colville should happen to be in any port where the young man's ship is, we may get him transferred to my lord's own vessel, where, if his conduct was good, he would be sure to rise, for your sake; and I am very sorry this is all I can say to comfort you.

"But, my dear, you must not despond; you must just keep up your heart, and be patient, for

you know we have all our share of troubles, more or less; and this cannot be helped. You are very young yet, and have plenty of time to wait. Go back to Kellie like a good girl, for Anne is very dull without you; and you must keep up your spirits, and hope the best for the young man.

"Your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH COLVILLE."

"To serve his king and his country!" repeated little Katie, her eyes flashing through her tears—"as if the king's men chasing him like a thief was like to give him heart in the king's cause!—and would the Chevalier, think ye, have done that, mother?"

For already the woeful ending of poor "Prince Charlie's" wild invasion had softened to him all young hearts—had softened even the hearts of those who would have borne arms against his house to the death.

"The Chevalier!—whisht, Katie, ye maunna speak treason," said Mrs. Stewart, with her softened tone. "He's maybe no a' that folk could desire, this king, but he's a decent man, sae far as I can hear; and anyway, he's better than a Papish. Onything's better than a Papish. And you think the Chevalier wouldna have sanctioned a press-gang! It's a' you ken; he would have sanctioned muckle waur, be you sure. Popery wi' its colored vestments, no to speak of profane music in the kirk on Sabbath days, and prayers read out of a book, and the thumbikins and the racks in the Castle of Edinburgh, and martyrs in the Grass-market. Eh, lassie, ye dinna ken ye're born!"

Katie put up her hand sadly to her brow, and shook her head.

"What ails ye, my bairn?"

"It's just my head's sair, mother," said Katie.

"Puir bairn—puir thing!" said the mother, putting her hand caressingly on the soft pale cheek, and drawing in the pretty head to her breast. "Wha ever heard you mint at a sair head before? But Katie, my lamb, ye maun e'en do as the lady says—ye maun keep up your heart, for mine's near the breaking to look at ye, sae white as ye are; and sae would Willie's be, if he kent. When ye gang owre the green in the morning, Katie, mony's the gowan ye set your bit foot upon; but the minute the footstep's past, up comes the gowan's head as blithe as ever, and naeboddy's the waur. My puir bairn, ye're young—ye dinna ken yet, Katie, how young ye are; and ye maun spring up like the gowans, my lamb."

Katie said nothing in reply; but when at last she withdrew her head from her mother's breast, it was to steal into her old corner, and draw to her the little wheel and spin. The wheel hummed a pensive, plaintive song, and Mrs. Stewart went softly about the room with stealthy steps, as if some one lay sick in the house; and Merran in the background handled the plates she was washing with elaborate care, and, when one rang upon another, pressed her teeth upon her nether lip, and glanced reverentially at Katie, as if there was something profane in the sound. But Katie heard it not—she was wandering with vague steps about the country of dreams—now hither, now thither, like a traveller in a mist; and at last, as the hushed silence continued, and through it her wheel hummed on, some sudden association struck her, and she began to sing.

Not a sad song—for such is not the caprice of

grief—a gay summer song, like a bird's. She sang it to the end, only half conscious of what she was doing; while Mrs. Stewart turned away to the open door to wipe her eyes unseen; and Merran looked on with awe from the background, believing her senses had failed her. But her senses had not failed her.

"Mother," said little Katie, as she snapt the thread on the wheel, and finished her hank of yarn—"mother, I'll spin nae mair the day—it's no time yet—I would like to do something else; but I'm gaun to keep up my heart."

And Katie put up her hand to dry the last tear.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

These long days wear away, one cannot tell how—so long, so pitilessly long!—from the sweet fresh hour when the sun begins to steal in through the pointed window, and Katie, lying awake, hears Merran begin to stir below, and catches the whispering sound of fragments of song and old tunes, which she sings under her breath; until the sunset, when the dewy shadows fall lengthened and drawn out upon the grass, and the skies have upon them that perfect rest which belongs only to the evening. But the days do go by noiselessly, a silent procession, and Katie is keeping up her heart.

For she has a letter—two letters—saying these same often-repeated words to her; and Willie's encouragement is the more likely to have effect for the words that follow it. "Dinna let your heart down, Katie," writes the pressed sailor, "for if I can but aye believe ye mind me, I fear no trouble in this world. I'm stout, and young, and able for work, and I have it in me to be patient when I mind what ye said that weary night we parted. Only tell me you're no grieving about me;—that's no what I mean either; but say again what ye said yon night, and I'll be as near content as I can be till I'm home again."

So she is keeping up her heart, poor Katie! with no very great success at first; but these days wear away, the longest of them, and now she gratefully hails the darkness when it comes a half-hour earlier, and thinks it a relief. Time and the hour;—but sometime she sits listlessly in the kitchen of the Milton, and looks at the clock—the slow, punctual, unhastening dial, with every second gliding from it, rounded and perfect like a mimic globe. Time is short, say the people; but you do not think so, if you watch those slow methodical seconds, and note how that little steel finger, which you can scarcely see, has to accomplish its gradual round before one minute is gone. Katie has no watch to observe this process on, but she looks at the unwearied clock, and her heart sinks; for if all the hearts in the world broke, with yearning to hasten it, still, beat by beat, would move that steady pulse of time.

It was August now, and the harvest had begun. John Stewart, without any pretence of being a farmer, had "a pickle aits" in one corner, and "a pickle whait" in another; and Merran's services were required out of doors, so that the mother and daughter were left much alone.

Near the door, within sight of the sunshine, and within reach of those far-off merry sounds which tell of a band of shearers in the neighborhood. Katie is sitting at the wheel. She has put off the dress she usually wears, and this is a plainer one—more fit, her mother thinks, for everyday use at

home—made of linen woven of two different shades of blue, a dark and a light, in equal stripes. The black laced apron is laid aside, too, and there are little narrow frills round this one, which is the same as the gown; and a plain white linen cuff terminates the sleeve, instead of the cambric ruffles. But the wheel goes round busily, and Katie is singing—keeping up her heart.

In the corner, between the fire and the window—the usual place for the wheel—lounges Janet, fulfilling with devotion her purpose in paying this visit, which was "to have a crack" with her mother. Alick has sailed some time ago; and his young wife, with no children yet, nor any domestic cares to trouble her, further than putting into some degree of order her two small rooms, has acquired a great habit of lounging and having "cracks." The key of her house is in her pocket, and Janet has not the least affection for the unemployed wheel at home.

"It's awfu' dreary living in the town folks' lane," said Janet, lounging and yawning.

"What do ye gie thae great gaunts for, ye idle cuttie?" asked Mrs. Stewart.

"Weel, but what am I to do? and I'm whiles no weel, mother," said Janet with importance. "I wish Alick had bidden still, and no gane to the sea."

"And what would have come o' you and your house then?" said her mother. "Woman, I would rather spin for siller than sit wi' my hands before me, gaunting like that!"

"Eh, losh! wha's you?" exclaimed Janet.

There was no great difficulty in ascertaining, for immediately Lady Anne Erskine stood on the threshold of the Milton.

"Oh, Katie, why do you stay so long away?" said Lady Anne, taking both her favorite's hands into her own. "Mrs. Stewart, I've come to ask you for Katie. Will you let her come home with me?"

"I'm sure you're very kind, my lady," said the evasive mother.

"I am not kind—but I am alone, Mrs. Stewart, and I care for nobody half so much as for Katie; we have been together all our lives. Let her come with me to Kellie. Katie, will you come?"

"And I'll put my key in my pouch, and come hame and help ye, mother," said Janet in an aside.

Katie looked doubtfully from Lady Anne to her mother—from her mother back to Lady Anne; and putting her wheel softly away with one hand, waited for a decision.

"If it would do ye good, Katie—would you like to gang to Kellie, my woman?"

"And it's aye taupie and cuttie to me—ne'er a better word," said Janet, under her breath.

"If she wearies we'll send her back," said Lady Anne eagerly. "The carriage is waiting on the road, and there's Bauby sick with wishing for you, Katie. Mrs. Stewart, you'll let her come?"

The carriage indeed stood on the high-road, grandly glittering under the sun, and with already some admiring children from West Anster school standing round the impatient horses. Mrs. Stewart could not resist the splendor.

"Weel, bairn, weel! away and get on your things—dinna keep Lady Anne waiting."

And Katie, looking out to nod and smile to Bauby Rodger, who stood on the bridge over the burn waiting to see her, ran up stairs with something like a glow of pleasure on her face, to put on

once again her cambric ruffles and her silken mantle.

"Will ye no come in and take a bite of something, Bauby?" said Janet, stealing out to speak to the maid, while her mother engaged the lady within.

"Was't her that was singing! the dear bairn!" said Bauby, with glistening eyes. "It put me in heart to hear her; for, puir thing, she's had a hard beginning."

"Mony a man's been pressed as guid as Willie Morison," said Janet, tossing her head; "but ye spoil Katie amang ye. Are ye no gaun to see your ain sister, Bauby, and her man away?"

"Ay, I'm gaun," said Bauby shortly, not thinking it necessary to mention what Peggie did next day to all the town, that her whole hoarded year's wages came with her to help the "sair warstle" with which the wife of the pressed sailor was maintaining her children; "but Peggie's come to years, and has her bairns. Aweel I wat they're an unco handfu', puir things; but it's a grand divert to grief to have them to fecht for. Noo, the bit lassie!"

Janet put her hand in her pocket to feel that she had not lost her key, and shrugged her shoulders; for though very sympathetic at first, her patience had worn out long ago.

And, to Bauby's infinite satisfaction, "the bit lassie" appeared immediately, leaning on Lady Anne's arm, and with a healthful, pleasant glow upon her face.

"For, Bauby," whispered Katie, as she shook hands with her, and passed on through the field to the waiting carriage, "I'm keeping up my heart."

"And blessings on you, my bairn," said Bauby, wiping her eyes; for she had seen the tears in Katie's which did not fall.

The two friends—for, in spite of all differences of rank and manners, such they were—drove on for some time in silence, along that sea-side highway, running level with the sunny Firth. On such a day last year, and in the same harvest season, they had travelled together to Edinburgh; but both, since then, had learned and suffered much.

Quiet, silent Anne Erskine! No one knew how your heart beat—with what strange, chivalrous enthusiasm your whole frame thrilled—when the prince passed through the grand old Edinburgh street, and, with the grace of his race, bowed under your window to the crowds that cheered him; for utterance was not given to the Ode which burned in your heart, and no one knew that hour had been, and was gone—the climax of your youth. No one dreamed that upon you, who were not born a poet, the singing mantle and the garland had come down in an agony, and only the harp been withheld. But it was withheld—though you still cannot forget the stormy cadence of the music, which rushed through your brain like the wind, carrying with it a wild, grand mist of disordered words. They never became audible in song or speech to other ears than yours—could not, had you labored for it night and day; but still you remember them in your heart.

And since then the hero of this dream has been a fugitive, with only the wildest of mountain fastnesses, the truest of poor friends, to guard him; and eyes of whigs, which would have fiercely flashed upon his soldiers in the battle, have wept tears for Prince Charlie in the flight. But no one knows what tears you have wept, gentle Lady

Anne! nor how the grand tumult of yonder climax hour still echoes and sighs about your heart in a wail of lamentation;—sighs gradually dying away—echoes long drawn out, merging into the calm of the natural life; but you can never forget the inspiration which no one knows but you.

And little Katie there, silently leaning back in her corner. Katie has had her heart awakened into consciousness in another and more usual way; and Katie has the larger experience of the two—not of Love and Grief alone, these common twin-children of humanity, but of the graver discipline which puts into our hands the helm and rein of our own hearts. A wilful girl but a little while ago—now a woman with a conscious will, subduing under it the emotions which are as strong as her life;—learning to smile over her tears for the sake of others—learning not only to counterfeit calmness, but to *have* it, for the sake of those who break their hearts to see her suffer;—practised to restrain the power of sorrow—to keep up, with many a struggle, the sinking heart. All these results, and the efforts which have led to them, are unknown to Lady Anne, who has no rebellious feelings to restrain; so that Katie has made the furthest progress in the training of actual life.

"You're better now, Katie," said Lady Anne tenderly.

"Yes, Lady Anne," was the answer; and Katie for an instant drooped her head. "Yes, I'm better, Lady Anne," she repeated, looking up with a smile; "and I'll be glad, very glad, to see Kellie again."

"My poor little Katie!" said good Anne Erskine, taking the little soft hand into her own—and a tear fell on hers—a tear of confidence, telling what Katie would not tell in words.

"But, Lady Anne, dinna be vexed for me—for I'm keeping up my heart."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I'll never forget you, Willie, if it should be twenty years!"

Is it fear of yourself—forebodings of an inconstant heart which bring these words again, Katie Stewart, to your lips and to your mind? Time and the hour have run their deliberate course through five long twelve-months;—a blank, eventless plain, which looks brief, as you turn back upon it, for all so weary it was, as step by step you paced its dreary ways. And some one walks beside you, through this long avenue towards Kellie. Is it that you fear yourself, Katie Stewart!—is it that already your word is broken—your heart a conscious traitor?

It is an autumn night, with such a pale sky loaded with such black clouds as those which overspread the world nearly six years ago when Katie was betrothed—and the wind in fitful gusts whirls and sighs about the great trees overhead, and, snatching again from the boughs those yellow leaves, drops them, like love-tokens, at her feet. A melancholy wind—yet it brightens the eyes and flushes the cheek against which it spends its strength; and though autumn wails and flies before it, with the chill breath of winter pursuing her track, yet the windows glow in castle and cottage, and hearths grow bright with a radiance kinder than the very sun. So that the song within rises on the wailing without, and drowns it; and, as it is a life we wot not of, which makes us tremble in presence of the dead, so the winter garments

which the earth and we put on are but so many blithe assurances that summer comes again.

And Katie Stewart is no longer a girl; but her three-and-twenty years have sobered her little, though the mother in the Milton at home reflects, not without shame, that at three-and-twenty "a bairn of mine!" still bears her father's name. The little pretty figure moves about with as little constraint, as little heaviness, as when only seventeen years had fallen upon it in sunshine; and peace is shining in the blue eyes, and health on the soft cheek. More than that; for still the favorite in Kellie Castle will have her own way—and has it—and still the eerie gallery rings with her blithe step and blither voice; and as well pleased as ever does Katie contemplate the delicate ruffles at her sleeve, and the warm mantle of scarlet cloth, with its rich tassels and silken lining, which has replaced for winter comfort the pretty cloak of silk and lace. For these five years have made it no longer hard to keep up her heart;—and has she forgotten!

Some one walks by her side through the avenue, stooping down just now to make out if he can what that murmur was, which he could faintly hear as she turned her head aside. And this is no merchant-sailor—no yeoman laird; for even in the dimness of the twilight, you can see the diamond glitter on his finger through the rich lace which droops over his hand. His right arm is in a sling, and his face pale—for not long ago he was wounded;—a fortunate wound for him, since it removed the attainer under which he lay, and suffered him to return to his own land.

For the rebel of the '45, languishing in a far country, could not see his own race in battle with a foreign enemy without instinctively rushing to join his native ranks. Very true, they fought for King George—in name, at least, of King George; but, truer, they were Scotchmen, Englishmen, his own blood and kin, and he could not fold his hands and look on. Desperately wounded he had been in the first battle, and in pity and admiration they sent Sir Alexander home.

Sir Alexander! The young knight who sent you the white roses, Katie Stewart—who woke many a startling thought and fancy in the girlish, free heart which questioned with itself if this were the hero. Now, tried by some troubles—the fiery young spirit mellowed and deepened—the spells of patriotism and loyalty—desperate courage and present suffering, to charm to him the enthusiast mind;—how is it now!

But you scarcely can tell by this that Katie says, under her breath, as she looks up toward the sky, "If it were twenty years!"

The firelight shines brightly through the uncurtained window of the west room, but no Lady Anne is there when Katie enters; for already there are lights in the great drawing-room, and servants go about busily, preparing for the party which is to meet within its haunted bounds to-night. Lady Anne is still in her own room, but her toilette is already completed; so that Bauby Rodger, who stands here before the fire, has come in quest of Katie, to ascertain that she is "fit to be seen;"—for again Katie must take her embroidery frame, and her seat in a corner of the great drawing-room, for her own pleasure and Lady Anne's.

Glowing from the cold wind is Katie's face, and her eyes sparkle in the light like stars. But this brilliant look brings a cold misgiving to Bauby

Rodger's heart; and, as she looses the scarlet hood which comes closely round the face of the little beauty, and puts back the curl which in this light actually gleams and casts a reflection like gold, she thinks of the young sailor fighting upon the sea, and sighs.

"What way do you sigh, Bauby?"

"What way do I sigh?" Bauby shook from the pretty cloak one or two raindrops which it had caught of the shower which now began to patter against the windows. "Weel, ane canna aye tell; but it's no sae lang since ye sighed whiles yoursel, when there lookit to be little enough reason."

"But ane can aye tell what it's about when ane's angry, Bauby," said Katie Stewart.

"And what should I be angry for? It's no my place, Miss Katie. Ilka ane kens best for themselves when it's the time to sigh and when it's the time to smile, and young folk havena auld memories; it's no to be expected of them. I'm no that auld either myself—though I might be the mother of twa or three like you; but there's folk dwells in my remembrance, Katie Stewart—dwells—like them that bide at hame. I'm blithe o' ye getting up your heart—ne'er heed me;—but whiles—I canna help it—I think upon them that's awa."

And Katie Stewart spoke not, answered not, but, drawing the lace on her apron slowly through her fingers, looked down into the glowing fire and smiled.

What did it mean? Bauby looked at her wistfully to decipher it, but could not meet her eye. Was it the smile of gratified vanity—was it the modest self-confidence of truth? But though Bauby began straightway to arrange this shining golden hair, on which still other rain-drops glimmer like diamonds, the smile eludes her comprehension still.

"I'll go and get my gown," said Katie, as she contemplated her hair in the glass, and proclaimed herself satisfied; "and ye'll help me, Bauby, to put it on."

"Ay, gang, like a guid bairn; and ye'll get some rose-water for your hands on the little table in the window; but there's nae fire in your ain room, and it's wearing cauld—dinna bide lang there. Weel, weel," said Bauby Rodger, leaning her arms on the mantelpiece, and looking down with perplexed eyes to the fire, as Katie went away—"nae doubt, if she did better for herself it would be my part to rejoice; but when I mind that bonnie lad, and sae fond as he was about her—as wha could help being fond o' her?—I scarce can thole that she should take up wi' anither; but it's the way of the world."

And again Bauby sighed—so great a sigh that the flame of the lamp flickered before her breath, as before some fugitive gale.

In a few minutes the subject of her thoughts returned, carrying over her arm her grand gala dress. It was quite a superb dress for Katie Stewart—almost as fine, indeed, as the one Lady Anne is to wear to-night, and quite as splendid as that famous gown in which Leddy Kilbrachmont was married, though the fame of it travelled through half-a-dozen parishes. This white silk petticoat is Leddy Kilbrachmont's gift; and Mrs. Stewart herself presented to her daughter that rich ruby-colored silken gown. It was to have been Katie's wedding gown had all things gone well, and has lain for several years unmade, in

waiting, if perhaps it had been needed for that occasion. But Katie is three-and-twenty, and her marriage day seems as far off as ever, while still her bridegroom bears, far away, the dangers of the sea and of the war; so the gown is made, that in the Lady Erskine's parties Katie may be presentable, and Lady Erskine herself has added the ruffles of lace to those graceful sleeves.

The gown is on, the lace carefully draped over the round, white arms; and Bauby stands before her smoothing down the rich folds of the silk, and shedding back those little rings of short hair which will escape and curl upon Katie's temples.

"Now ye're gaun in—ye're gaun in," said Bauby, looking with troubled eyes into her favorite's face, "and ne'er a ane kens what mischief may be done before ye come out o' that room this night."

But Katie only laughed, and lifted the little embroidery frame which was to go with her into the great drawing-room.

Again a room full of those graceful, noble people—itsself a noble room, with family portraits on its walls, some of them fine, all of them bearing a kindly historical influence to the guests who counted kin, through this lady and that, with the house of Kellie; and again a brilliant stream of conversation, which dazzles Katie less than it once did, though with natural delicacy she still takes little part, but remains an amused observer, a quiet listener, looking up from her work with bright, intelligent glances which make the speakers grateful; and there, like her shadow, with a scarf binding his disabled arm, and his face as interesting as a handsome, pale face can be—there, again, stands Sir Alexander.

Look up into his face, Katie Stewart—look up, as you could not do on yonder beautiful autumn night, when Lady Colville's crimson curtains threw their ruddy shade upon your face, and made him think you blushed. It may be that you blushed—blushes of the imagination, harmless and without peril; but now the color on your cheek is steady as the soft tints of a rose, and you look up with candid, open eyes into his face. He speaks low; but, though your voice is never loud, you give him answers which others hear—frankly, without even the hesitation, without the downcast glances with which you answer the old, lofty, stately gentleman who speaks to you now and then with kindly smiles; for that is the head of the house of Lindgay, the father of that Lady Anne, whom all Scotland shall love hereafter for one of the sweetest ballads which makes our language musical. And you look down shyly, Katie Stewart, when you speak to the Earl of Balcarras, because he is beyond question a grand gentleman, of the grandest antique type; but you neither hesitate nor look down when you answer Sir Alexander, because he is living at Kellie, and you see him every day, and have almost forgotten that at one time you would have made him a hero. He is a hero to all intents and purposes now—a fit subject for romance or ballad—brave, loyal, unfortunate—an attainted rebel once, a free man now, for his valor's sake; but wilful Katie Stewart remembers nothing of the white roses—nothing of the moonlight night on the oriel window—but, leaning her little, impatient hands upon her embroidery frame, looks up into his face, and smiles and talks to him as if he were her brother.

The good, brave, simple, knightly heart! this voice has haunted him in painful flight and biv-

ouac—has spoken audible words to him in the fair moonlight of southern lands—has been his ideal of comfort and gladness many a day when he needed both; and this not only because himself was charmed with the young, fresh spirit, but because those flushed cheeks and downcast eyes persuaded him that he *was* the hero, the magician to whose mystic touch the chords of this harp should thrill as they had never thrilled before. And it was not all the crimson curtain, Katie Stewart—not all; and there was a magician at work, breathing prelude whispers over these wondrous strings;—only the weird hand was a hand within yourself, unseen, impalpable, and not the hand of Alexander Erskine.

He begins to find this out to-night—and well it is only now; for before, he was alone, exiled, distressed, and carried about with him this fanciful remembrance and affection, like some fairy companion to cheer and gladden him. Now, it is very true, his face grows blank, his head droops, and uneasily his restless hand moves on the back of the high chair he leans on; but many bright faces are round him—many hearts are eager to question, to sympathize, to admire. The wound will shoot and pain him, perhaps through all these winter days, and into the spring; but the wound is not mortal, and it will heal.

And Katie Stewart lifts her window that night and looks out to the west, which the pallid moon is nearing, and smiles—smiles, but tears are there withal to obscure her shining eyes; for, as she observes this nightly loving superstition, there comes sometimes a vague terror upon her that he may be lying dreamless and silent upon some death-encumbered deck, for whom she sends this smile away to the far west to shine into his dreams; and as she closes her window, and sits down by the little table on which she has placed her light, the sickness of long deferred hope comes flooding over her heart, and she hides her face in her hands. Day after day, year upon year, how they have glided past—so slow that every footfall came to have its separate sound, and it seems as though she had counted every one; and Katie bows her head upon the little Bible on her table, and speaks in her heart to One whom these years and hours have taught her to know, but whom she knew not before.

And then she lays her head on her pillow and falls asleep—falls asleep as Bauby Rodger bade her, long ago, smiling for his dream's sake.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Katie, Katie, your roses take long to bloom," said Lady Anne Erskine; "here is where you began last year, and they are not out of the bud yet."

"But Miss Katie has had other gear in hand, Lady Anne—your ladyship disna mind," said Bauby, in a slight tone of reproof.

"If Bauby had only kept count how many yards of cambrie I've hemmed for Lordie," said Katie Stewart; "and look, Lady Anne—see."

For to the ends of a delicate cambrie cravat Katie is sewing a deep border of lace—old rich lace which the Lady Erskine, not unmindful for herself of such braveries, is expending on her son.

"Well, you know, Katie, I think Lordie is too young," said Lady Anne, drawing herself up slightly; "and so did Janet when I told her; but no doubt Lady Erskine is his mother; he's scarcely thirteen yet—and lace like that!"

"He's a bonnie boy, my lady; and then he's Earl of Kellie now," said the maid—for Lady Anne in these years had lost her father.

"So he is. It makes a difference, no doubt; but Janet says if he was her son—Katie, what ails ye?"

"It's naething, Lady Anne; it's just a letter," answered Katie, who, sitting within reach of the open door, had seen the housekeeper appear in the gallery, beckoning and holding up the precious epistle; "I'll be back the now."

And Lordie's lace fell on the floor at the feet of Lady Anne.

The good Lady Anne took it up gravely, and shook her head.

"She'll never be any wiser, Bauby; we need not expect it now, you know; and she gets letters from only one person. But I think Katie is getting over that. She's forgetting the sailor, Bauby."

"I dinna ken, my lady," said Bauby mournfully, as, kneeling on the carpet with a round work-basket before her, she pursued her occupation, unravelling a mass of bright silks, which lay matted in seemingly hopeless entanglement within the grasp of her great hands.

"But I think so, Bauby; and I think Sir Alexander likes her. If he sought her—though it would be a poor, poor match for an Erskine—she surely would never think of the sailor more."

Bauby lifted her head indignantly; but Lady Anne's mild eyes were cast down upon her work, and the flaming glance did no execution.

"Ane disna ken, my lady; it's ill to judge," was the ambiguous, oracular reply.

"But one does know what one thinks. Do you not think her mind is as free as it used to be?—do you not think she has forgotten him, Bauby?"

Bauby was perplexed and unwilling to answer—unwilling to confess how she feared and doubted for poor Willie Morison, now sailing in Lord Colville's ship, and as well as a pressed sailor could be; so she bent her head, and exclaimed against an obstinate, impracticable knot, to gain time.

It served her purpose; for before the knot yielded, Katie came stealing into the room with shining wet eyes, and some shy triumph and unusual pride upon her face. The face itself was flushed; it could not fail to be so, for Katie felt the quiet scrutiny of Lady Anne, and the eager, impatient glances of Bauby, searching her thoughts in her look; and bright shy looks she gave them—first to the maid, the most interested, who felt her faith strengthened by the glance; and then to the gentle, solicitous lady, who looked tenderly at the moisture on her cheek, but laid Lordie's lace cravat on the table notwithstanding, and said, with a slight, unconscious censure,

"You threw it down, Katie, when you went away."

"I didna ken, Lady Anne," said Katie, in so low an under tone that her friend had to stoop towards her to hear, "for I wanted to get my letter."

The eyes of Bauby brightened, and Lady Anne moved with a little impatience on her chair.

"Well, but there will be no news, Katie? I suppose he tells you no news?"

"Yes, Lady Anne."

"Then, Katie, why do you not tell me! Has anything happened to my brother? Is the young man still in Lord Colville's ship?"

"There's naething ails my lord, Lady Anne—

only he's been kind to Willie; and now—now he's just among the common men nae mair, nor the small officers neither—but he's master in a ship himsel."

"Master in a ship!" Bauby Rodger sprang to her feet, overturning both silks and basket, and the placid Lady Anne was sufficiently moved to lose her needle. "Master in a ship!"

"He says it disna mean captain," said Katie, the bright tears running over out of her full eyes; "but it's master of the sailing—and a man that's master of the sailing canna be far from master of the ship. And it's a sloop of war; but a sloop of war's no like the little trading sloops in the Firth, Lady Anne. It's mastod and rigged like a ship, Willie says, and bigger than that weary cutter; and now he's among the officers, where he should be, and no a common man."

And Katie put down her face into her hands, and cried for very joy.

"She needs nae comfort the noo, my lady," said Bauby, in a whisper, as Lady Anne drew her hand caressingly over Katie's hair; "let her greet; for it's blithe to greet when ane's heart is grit, and running owre wi' joy."

"Then you can look for my needle, Bauby," said Lady Anne.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Lady Erskine began to feel considerably encumbered with her sister-in-law. At present, with many schemes, she was laboring in her vocation, receiving and giving invitations in an energetic endeavor to get poor Anne "off." But Lady Anne herself had not the least idea of getting off; her romance was over—a short, wild, unusual one; and now the west room with its embroidery frame—the quiet daily walk—the frequent visit to Lady Janet and her children—and the not unfrequent letters of Lady Betty, sufficed to fill with peaceful contentment the quiet days of Lady Anne. The poor Lady Erskine! She had succeeded in awakening a dormant liking for "her dear sister" in the comfortable breast of a middle-aged, eligible, landed gentleman, whose residence lay conveniently near the Castle. A long time it took to make this good man know his own mind, and many were the delicate hints and insinuations by which the match-maker did her utmost to throw light upon the subject. At length a perception began to dawn upon him; he thought he had found out, the honest man, that this mind of his, hitherto, in his own consciousness, solely occupied with crops and hunts, good wine and local politics, had been longing all its life for the "refined companionship" of which Lady Erskine preached to him; and as he found it out, he sighed. Still, if it must be, it must, and the idea of Lady Anne was not unendurable; so the good man put on a new wig, like the Laird of Cockpen, and, mounting his mare, rode cannily to Kellie Castle.

But Lady Anne, like Mrs. Jean, said No—said it as quietly, with a little surprise, but very little discomposure, and no signs of relenting. "As if men came to the Castle every day on such like errands!" said the wooer to himself, with some heat, and considerable bewilderment, as the turrets of Kellie disappeared behind him, when he went away.

Still more indignant and injured felt the Lady of Kellie; but the culprit said not a word in self-defence; so more parties were given, more invitations accepted, and Lady Erskine even vaguely intimated the expediency of visiting London for a

month or two. Anne was full five-and-twenty; and her sister-in-law never looked upon the unmarried young lady but with self-reproach, and fear lest people might say that she had neglected her duty.

But the parties would not do. Quiet, unselfish, sincere, the young ladies and the young gentlemen made Anne Erskine their friend—confided troubles to her—told her of love distresses; young men, even, who might have spoken to her—Lady Erskine thought—of that subject as principal, and not as *confidante*; but Lady Anne felt no disappointment. It is true she remembered, with a certain quiet satisfaction, that it was her own fault she was still Aunt Erskine, and thought kindly of the good man who had generously put it in her power to refuse him; but in this matter Lady Anne's ambition went no further, and Lady Erskine was foiled.

So, under the high window in the west room, Lady Anne sits happily at her embroidery frame, and works the quiet hours away. She is laboring at a whole suit of covers for those high-backed, upright chairs in Lady Colville's drawing-room—and many a pretty thing besides has Lady Colville from the same unfailing loom; and rich are those little girls of Lady Janet's, who sometimes tumble about this pleasant apartment, and ravel the silks with which patient Aunt Anne makes flowers bloom for them upon that perennial canvass. And Katie Stewart draws a low chair to Lady Anne's feet, and plays with her embroidery frame sometimes; sometimes, among fine linen and cambric,

works at garments for Lordie; and sometimes, bending those undisciplined shoulders over a great volume on her knee, reads aloud to the placid, unwearied worker above her, whose shoulders own no stoop as her fingers no weariness. Or Katie sings at her work those songs about Strephon and Chloe which poor Sir Alexander thought so sweet; and Lady Erskine, pausing as she passes, comes in to hear, and to spend a stray half-hour in local gossip, which none of all three are quite above; and Bauby Rodger expatiates about the room, and makes countless pilgrimages to Lady Anne's own apartment, and now and then crosses the gallery, visible through the half-open door, bearing a load of delicate lace and cambric, which she constantly has in reserve to be "ironed" when she's "no thrang;"—and so they spend their life.

An uneventful, quiet life, sweetened with many unrecorded charities—a life disturbed by no storms, distressed by no hardships—full of peace so great that they hardly knew it to be peace, and rich with love and kindness into which there entered neither passion nor coldness, indifference nor distrust. The sunshine came and went; the days, all of one quiet sisterhood, passed by with steps so soft they left no print. And as the days passed, so did the years;—slowly, but you scarce could call them tedious; with sober cheer and smiling faces, each one you looked on growing more mature than that which went before;—and so Time and the hour passed on unwearied, and five other long twelvemonths glided by into the past.

THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

CHARLES MACKAY.

- "What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?
Is the day breaking? Comes the wished-for hour?
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."
- "The stars are clear above me; scarcely one
Has dimmed its rays, in reverence to the sun;
But yet I see, on the horizon's verge,
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."
- "Look forth again, oh watcher on the tower!
The people wake and languish for the hour;
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine
For the full daylight that they know *must* shine."
- "I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;
There is a radiance on the distant hill;
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow,
But the stars blink, and the night-breezes blow."
- "And is that all, oh watcher on the tower?
Look forth again; it must be near the hour;
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain copes,
And the green woods beneath them, on the slopes?"
- "A mist envelops them; I cannot trace
Their outline, but the day comes on apace;
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."
- "We thank thee, lonely watcher on the tower;
But look again, and tell us hour by hour
All thou beholdest; many of us die
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."
- "I see the hill-tops now; and chanticleer
Crows his prophetic carol on mine ear;
I see the distant woods and fields of corn,
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again, oh watcher on the tower!—
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be
A bright, calm, glorious daylight for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song
Vivid as day itself; and clear and strong
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tune."

"What doth he say, oh watcher of the tower?
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime
With the full glories of the coming time?"

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,
But sunny for the most, and clear and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong,
When Right shall rule supreme and vanquish
Wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind
Soar as unfettered as its God designed."

"Well done, thou watcher on the lonely tower!
Is the day breaking? dawns the happy hour?
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain."

"It breaks—it comes—the misty shadows fly—
A rosy radiance gleams upon the sky;
The mountain-tops reflect it calm and clear;
The plain is yet in shade, but day is near."

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

RICHARD REYNOLDS.

Letters of Richard Reynolds, with a Memoir of his Life. By his grand-daughter, HANNAH MARY RATHBONE, author of "The Diary of Lady Willoughby." 1852.

SCARCELY anything in the course of our reading strikes us more than the gravity and weight of our ancestors' epistolary transactions. When a Richard Reynolds sits down to write a letter to a daughter or a wife, it is after the manner of a man who has a purpose in his mind much beyond that of chit-chat and gossip. Amusement, whether of himself or his correspondent, enters scarcely at all into the calculation. It is a matter of serious business, to be begun and ended with thoughtful courtesy. The very penmanship tells of method and steady resolve. Never could that writer, we affirm, be in an unseemly haste, or drive his pen on to the mark with dashing vehemence, or lose sight of the relative proportions of the subject to be treated of in his letter. Nor yet does this ruled and measured style indicate any want of heart. The letters of Richard Reynolds are remarkable for their affectionateness, for their feeling sympathy, and strong and even anxious earnestness for the well-being of his friends.

Mrs. Richard Rathbone, the now avowed authoress of *Lady Willoughby's Diary*, has not dwelt among her own people so long without imbibing a large portion of that spirit which makes her the most fitting editor possible of the simple yet striking annals of the life of her paternal grandfather. It is a volume compiled with singular good taste, and with a laudable absence of all pretension. The poetical element which in *Lady Willoughby's* diary was one of the principal charms, is felt here too, but in a much less marked degree, being kept down, as not perfectly in harmony with the character which it was the all-important task to display, simply and truly. The good grandfather's portrait is reverently touched, and then the filial hands that have painted it leave the rest to be done by morning and evening sunlight without any obtrusive attempts to throw artificial splendor upon it. In such a manner we, too, would deal with it, fearful of measuring the work by ordinary standards of publicity, but sincerely believing that it is one well deserving of grateful welcome.

Richard Reynolds was born in Bristol on the 1st of Nov., 1735, and died at Cheltenham on the 10th of Sept., 1816, aged 81. Born and brought up in the Society of Friends, with them all his connections were formed, and his plan of life involved, as a *sine qua non*, a rigorous attendance on the meetings, whether for worship or business, of that body of Christians; while he was far from narrow in his intercourses with other bodies, and helped with equal readiness the destitute and afflicted, wherever found. It is not, however, to be denied that his consistency of regard to sectarian obligations raised, from first to last, an obstacle to the free development of his powers in many directions; and when we see his strong intellect, his innate taste for everything beautiful in art and nature, and are made aware of the rigid restraints under which he placed himself with regard to every indulgence of these favorite subjects of pursuit, we cannot but feel that we have before us the character of one who was unnecessarily hindered from bringing forth much that deserves to be called

"good fruit" to perfection. His education was plain, confined to few particulars, but practical, and he was early fixed in business habits, first by an apprenticeship of six years, and afterwards by his early marriage to the daughter of Abraham Darby (one of the partners in the great iron-works at Coalbrook Dale), in consequence of which he became an active manager and sharer himself in the prosperity of the important concerns there and at Ketley, about five miles distant. A young man of little more than twenty-one, Richard Reynolds was thus thrown at once into a station of responsibility, involving at the same time rapid and large gains. His domestic happiness also appears to have been great, but here the stroke of sorrow first visited him. His wife, after an union of five years, was carried off by a very sudden and sharp illness, leaving two children, William, and Hannah Mary, afterwards the wife of William Rathbone of Liverpool. His sorrow was very poignant; and the sense of loneliness and want of aid in the care of his children led him, in no long time, to form another tie. In Dec., 1763, he married again, choosing one who had been the dear and intimate friend of his first wife, and who shared in every respect his attachment to the religious body with which he was connected. The father of his late wife, meanwhile, Abraham Darby, head of the Coalbrook Dale concerns, died; and the sons being too young to take the business, Mr. Reynolds was earnestly requested to remove to the house, and assume the post of superintendent until such time as his brothers-in-law were considered competent to the charge. It was a large increase of responsibility without corresponding increase of means, the shares in Coalbrook Dale works being not his own, but settled on the children of his first marriage. As usual, he performed his part with great thoroughness; and it is interesting to read Mrs. Rathbone's account of his successful enterprise, the more so that we have so lately, in an article on the Ironmongers of London (*Gent. Mag.* for July, 1852), had an occasion to give an account of the prejudice and discouragement under which the manufacture of iron in this country long labored—a prejudice which drew from excellent John Evelyn the opinion, that " 'twere better to purchase all our iron out of America, than thus exhaust our wood at home;" while, by a strange inconsistency, the people rose in insurrection when coal was introduced in smelting, lest it should lessen the demand for wood.

It was whilst they were under his management, that an important change was accomplished in the mode of converting cast or crude iron into malleable or bar iron. This process was previously carried on in a fire called a finery, somewhat like that of a smith's forge, and wood-charcoal was the only fuel made use of. In this fire the iron was exposed to the blast of powerful bellows, and was in constant contact with the fuel. The quantity of charcoal thus used was rapidly consuming the woods of the country, and many efforts had been made to substitute pit-coal, when coked, for wood-charcoal. In the first process, of fusing the iron ore or iron stone, it had answered, and had been used at Coalbrook Dale for many years with continued and increasing success; but it was then suggested by two of the workmen, that the coal might also be used in the second or refining stage, the process being performed in a reverberatory furnace, in which the iron would not mix with the coal, but be heated solely by the flame. My grandfather was struck with the ingenuity and feasibility of the scheme—and the end to be obtained was of such great

importance, that he caused an immediate trial to be made; the result was so successful that he communicated the discovery to the owners of the works, doing justice to the workmen, by giving them the credit which they deserved, and earnestly recommending that the invention should be secured by a patent, in the name of the "Crannages," with whom it originated. This process is now technically called "puddling;" and it has been the means of enabling Great Britain to make iron in vast quantities at a small cost.

At the present time, when iron railways are intersecting the earth in every direction, it may not be uninteresting to his descendants to know that to their ancestor, Richard Reynolds, is due the credit of first employing iron instead of wood in the construction of railways. For the conveyance of coal and iron to different parts of the works, and to the river Severn, wooden rails had been in use, which, from the great weights carried upon them, were not only soon worn out, but were liable to give way and break, occasioning loss of time, and interruption to business, and great expense in repairing them. It occurred to him that the inconveniences would be obviated by the use of cast-iron. He tried it at first with great caution, but found it to answer so well, that very soon all their railways were made of iron. He did not attempt to secure by patent the advantage of this invention, and the use of cast-iron in the construction of railways was afterwards generally adopted. Whilst speaking of him at this period, when he was acting for others, it should be mentioned that, through his representation to the principals, a large and profitable government order for "cannon" was declined, it appearing to him inconsistent with the avowed principles of Friends to manufacture weapons of war.

On the sons of Abraham Darby becoming of age, Mr. Reynolds again returned to Ketley, carrying with him two boys, in addition to the children of his first marriage. And here, having attained his thirty-third year, and a large experience in business, he commenced those well formed plans for the comfort and improvement of his workmen, which, it must be remembered, were very far more rare then than now. He built them cottages and schools; he planted and beautified the neighboring hills, as much for their benefit as his own, laying out what were called "workmen's walks" through the woods, and putting up seats and arbors in picturesque points of view. Wherever his influence was available, it was exerted to procure the advantages of an efficient ministry, though himself unable to find edification in Church services; and the clergy found in him a willing helper to the utmost extent of his conscientious ability.

In his own family a sort of patriarchal rule was established. He was a very methodical instructor of his children in the holy Scriptures, and particularly in the New Testament. One of his nephews has left a record of his Sunday proceedings which will not be uninteresting to many:

Our uncle Reynolds' strict observance of the Sabbath was very striking, and evidently arose from a genuine love for heavenly employment, and not from Jewish ideas of the duty. Regularly every Saturday evening, it was his custom to remove such books as were lying about which were not of a decidedly religious tendency. He wished all his household to finish their work as early in the day as possible, and at eight o'clock he liked to see us put by our work or whatever employment we might be engaged in. On Sunday every servant in the house attended both the morning and evening meeting, no one staying at home to prepare dinner, which he used to say, "is always better cooked the day it does itself than on any

other." After dinner, when he had taken a short rest, the domestics were called into the parlor, each having a Bible, and seldom appearing unaccompanied by one or more of their friends, whom they had had permission to invite on these occasions; and I have often seen a large company. When all were seated, the servants, after a short pause, proceeded to read aloud a chapter selected by my uncle, the oldest servant beginning, and the rest following, each taking a verse successively. My uncle then read a chapter himself, generally making a few apposite remarks upon it; then followed another short silence, and the little meeting was concluded. After tea the whole family went again to meeting. When we returned we had supper, which was a very pleasant meal—my uncle, by his own lively manners and cheerful conversation, encouraging those around him to converse freely. A short reading in the Bible closed the day. His consideration for the comfort and well-being of his servants was most exemplary, and he never received anything from them without thanking them courteously. On leaving home he always shook hands with each. He rose very early in the morning, and his study-fire was always left overnight prepared for his lighting it himself; his time was chiefly passed in reading and devotion. After breakfast it was his habit to retire to his study, where he remained until noon—he then generally went out alone on some errand of mercy, or to attend one or another of the numerous committees on which he acted. Two mornings in the week he attended the Friends' Meeting, and on these occasions, as well as on the Sundays, no weather was ever known to keep him at home. After dinner, Sarah Allen, or some friend who might be staying at the house, read aloud to him, to soothe him to sleep. He was a poor sleeper at night, and found it necessary to take a long rest in the afternoon, even if unable to sleep. Six o'clock was the hour for tea, and afterwards, when the season admitted, he walked out into the country. In the evening of every day, as in the morning, a portion of the Scriptures was read; when the clock struck ten, candles were brought in ready-lighted, and every one was expected to retire for the night. A young relation (not a member of the Society of Friends) arriving, on a visit one evening at tea-time, my uncle said to him, "I shall be glad of thy company as long as thou likest to stay; but remember ten o'clock is the hour at which I choose all who are in my house to go to bed! What wilt thou do this evening?" "I think I shall go to the play," was the answer. "Well, remember—ten o'clock." The young man returned at ten; and the next morning, whilst at breakfast, my uncle was highly amused at the description of the performance, in which a Quaker had been introduced. The young man, however, found the time pass so pleasantly under the roof of his aged relative, that he did not again go to the play during his visit.

As one of many earnest and heartfelt appeals to his only and beloved daughter, we are tempted to give the underneath:—

Bridgewater,
10th of Sixth Month, 1777.

— I am not willing to close this letter without mentioning the desire that oftener than the day has been in my heart, that my dear children may live in the fear of the Lord, and die in his favor; particularly that my only and beloved daughter may, like her dear departed mother, know the power of the cross in her youth—that, if length of days should not be her portion, she may also experience the happy effects of an early obedience to the Divine requirements. It is only by the power of the cross we can experience a being crucified to the world, the love of and conformity to which brings death to that life which consists of happiness and peace. Let not, my dear Hannah, the example of others, who may be ashamed of

the cross and of the plainness and simplicity which we profess, influence thy conduct; nor the levity of heart incident to youth prevent thy seriously and frequently reflecting on the shortness and uncertainty of this life, and the continuance of the next, as well as of the infinity of the consequences of our present conduct. We are advised to pass the time of our sojourning here *in fear*:—how different is the conduct of the world! It ridicules or despises that fear in which is true safety and real wisdom. But let us rather be the companions of the despised followers of a despised and crucified Saviour in meekness and lowliness of mind, than grieve them, and injure our own souls, by conforming to the world and the fashions and practices of it. If thou knew or could conceive how much my happiness (at least in this world) depends upon thy being good, because I know thine entirely depends on it both here and hereafter, I believe it would—nay, I believe it will—have great influence with thee.

I am, and desire to be still more, humble and thankful to the Almighty that he has blessed me with children so affectionate and dutiful. Be assured I wish nothing more ardently respecting you than to contribute all in my power to your happiness, and consider me as a friend to whom thou may with confidence communicate everything that concerns thee, and grieve me not by discovering a distrust of my being at all times and on all occasions,

Thy most affectionate father,
RICHARD REYNOLDS.

In 1786 this beloved daughter married. Mrs. Richard Rathbone, her niece by birth, her daughter-in-law by marriage, has gently touched one of the most exquisite and lovely characters ever permitted to grace a domestic circle. No words can, in the eyes of those who have known it, do justice to its benignity, still less, perhaps, to its supreme love of truth. Mrs. Rathbone diffused such an atmosphere of spirituality around her, that they who came within it felt for the time as if their eyes were opened to a world till then invisible. A look, a tone from her, was like the touch of Ithuriel's spear. Strong enough, intellectually, to be proof against all that was merely specious and conventional, whether in the church or the world, she united the kindest and most tender heart with the clearest head. The grace and charm which we miss in the father, his chief and only remarkable defect, abounded in this admirable woman. In everything else she much resembled him; and never were parent and child more strong in Christian regards one to another than Richard Reynolds and his daughter.

My earliest recollection (says one of his grandsons) of my grandfather are of his visits to Green Bank—of the pleasure with which these visits were anticipated by my mother—of her care and thought that everything should be arranged for his comfort in the best manner possible—of her anxiety, as the time for his arrival (never, barring accident, either forestalled or delayed) drew near, that nothing should have happened on the road—that he should be in good health—and that he should not have been over-fatigued. All these things are as present with me now as when, after the first greetings, I sat in silence, “like a good little boy,” at my mother's knee. We were thus brought up from infancy, by the influence of first associations, to regard my grandfather with the most profound reverence; and, although he always met us with almost parental kindness, I am persuaded that this impression never left any one of us at any after period of our lives. The general gravity of his demeanor, his dignified carriage, and, above all, his playful satire, which we understood much better than

he supposed, and felt much more keenly than he desired or intended, all combined to associate with our feelings of affection and gratitude, a never-banished consciousness of awe in his presence.

About the year 1789 Mr. Reynolds gave up the Ketley works to his sons, and again took up his abode at Coalbrook Dale, having purchased the manor of Madeley, in which this dale is included; but here, after a series of severe family trials, including the loss of his excellent wife, his eldest son, and the wife of his youngest, Joseph, he determined altogether to leave Shropshire, and accordingly, in April, 1804, moved to his native town, Bristol—thenceforth his fixed home, where the concluding twelve years of life were devoted to works of mercy and love. His wealth was, indeed, princely, but it was royally dispensed. Though in general secret and reserved in his charities, it was impossible that bounty like his could flow on without being often traced to its source. Frequently, when his name appeared to a sum of moderate amount he was known to remit privately one of five times that amount; 20,000*l.* were awarded by him in a period of distress to one party in London; while, to secure permanent support to some favorite charities in Bristol, he invested 10,500*l.* in the purchase of lands in Monmouthshire.

Mrs. Rathbone gives an amusing account of one of these transactions—

An addition to the Infirmary being greatly wanted, he devoted much of his time to that object, also subscribing 2,600*l.* It was on this occasion that the committee received an anonymous donation of a thousand pounds, entertaining no doubt who was the giver; and on the following day one of their number, happening to meet Richard Reynolds, thanked him, in the name of the committee, for his acceptable donation. He did not deny it, but said, “Thou hast no authority for saying I sent the money;” and on the gentleman repeating, in strong terms, the acknowledgment of the committee, and refusing to be thus satisfied, my grandfather quietly said, “Well, I see thou art determined that I should give you a thousand pounds;” and the next day they received a donation of that sum with his name, thus doubling his first contribution.

It is almost needless to add that the name of Richard Reynolds is to be found in all the protests against the slave trade and slavery, which were put forward in his day. More remarkable, to our thinking, is the scrupulous fairness and generosity which seems to have attended every business transaction; for though it is far from unusual to meet with princely liberality among those who have already acquired wealth, we are too frequently called upon to lament over the previous absorption and even rapacity which have accompanied the process of acquirement. The declining years of such a man could hardly be otherwise than tranquil and edifying. Though never free from a grave scrupulosity, of which the fine portrait prefixed to the work gives strong indications in a certain look of anxiety tinged with something strict and even severe, he became more and more even and serene as life drew to its close. We can give in no words save those of Mrs. Rathbone the account of his last visit to her father's house.

On the 24th of June, 1816, he set out on the journey which he had been in the habit of taking once every year, to visit his children in Shropshire and at Liverpool. He arrived first at his son Joseph's house

at Ketley, when his increased feebleness was very apparent, and a subdued feeling of mingled concern and pleasure was felt by my father and his family, as they welcomed him for what they all feared would prove the last time. He remained there but two days. I remember it was a beautiful bright summer morning on which he was to leave us, and we children were summoned into the parlor after breakfast, and the whole family gathered around him. His son read a chapter in the New Testament, and when the book was closed, there was silence and perfect stillness for some minutes. Presently my grandfather raised his head and looked round upon us, and we listened breathlessly, as he began to speak, saying this was the last time he should ever see us in this world—solemnly and sweetly he addressed us—then he spoke a few words of affection and hope to our father, and afterwards to his other relations; again there was silence, and we all felt that his spirit was engaged in supplication, shared in some degree by the hearts of all present. Then he arose, kissed us affectionately, and bade us farewell. We followed him into the hall, where some of the servants were waiting to see him pass. He kindly noticed them; and, accompanied by his friend Sarah Allen, was assisted to his carriage, and drove away. We had indeed seen our beloved grandfather for the last time.*

In conclusion (says one of his grandsons) I shall only farther record that it was my privilege (having been hastily summoned, with my sister, to Cheltenham) to be present during my grandfather's last moments. The scene, on our arrival, is deeply impressed on my memory—the tranquillity which breathed around the little group of mourners, who were quietly assembling, to behold the death of the righteous—the inexpressible peacefulness of those last moments, when my grandfather, by the slight inclination of his head, expressed to my mother his wish that she should come to the other side of the bed. Speechless, but quite conscious, he took her hand, looked earnestly in her face—and died. There were then, in the room, his only daughter, his only surviving son, his nephew Dr. Ball, my sister, and myself, his faithful cousin and companion Sarah Allen, and his intimate friend Priscilla H. Gurney.

With regard to the collection of letters, which occupies more than two-thirds of the volume, we have not much to add; they are simple and sensible when matters of business are concerned—affectionate, earnest, and pious, when higher themes employ his pen. He had no brilliancy, and a moderate amount of cultivation, but the true wisdom was with him; the wisdom which, if it does not always expect a rich harvest from the most careful sowing, yet assuredly looks for no such result in the absence of due religious cultivation. More and more do the generations of men seem to need reminding that whatever is good and great must be gained by pains-taking, and that the Christians of an earlier day did not allow their children to take their chance about instruction, and yet hope well for their Christianity. Ours is a vague and relaxed age—a time in which the main effort seems to be with many that of avoiding the old rigors, and being good-natured and agreeable. The good sense of the matter, theoretically, even when tinctured with mistake on some points in practice, seems to us to have been with the grave

and dignified characters of an elder time. We, in this question, too frequently put our logic in abeyance.

From the Spectator.

ST. JOHN'S ISIS.*

It is some years since Mr. St. John the elder came before the world with any original work; and the lying fallow appears to have enriched and enlivened his mind as well as his style. There is more freedom of invention, more freshness of perception, and greater mellowness and ease of composition in the *Isis*, than in any of his previous works. The matter, unluckily, has not improved in proportion to the secondary qualities; and though the object of the author as displayed in his book is clear enough, a purpose does not always produce a plan.

To give permanence to his ideas of the "inner life of Egypt," is the avowed end of the author; but his treatment is not well adapted to this purpose. A great many things will be met with in these volumes which have no relation to Egypt at all; and what there is of true Egyptian relates as much to visible objects as to life and character. *Isis* in reality is a book of opinions and impressions, excited by a tour in Egypt, and interspersed with tales illustrative of Egyptian life or told by somebody in Egypt. The opinions embrace a wide range of subjects; and though the impressions may be generally excited by an object in the Orient, they carry the traveller back to Europe, and sometimes into all sorts of regions. Here is an example:

We halted at a small caravanserai, kept by natives of Egypt, who, understanding something of the manners of the Franks, immediately set about providing us with such food as they thought would be most agreeable to us. In the interval everybody betook himself to the amusement best suited to his taste. For myself, I went and leaned out of a little latticed window opening into a court-yard, where there was a fountain and a palm-tree with large masses of shadow. Nearly opposite, at another window, with the blinds drawn up, sat a lady in a thoughtful attitude, looking down upon the splashing waters. The distance would not permit me to distinguish whether she was young or old. I could only observe she was richly dressed, and held something like a musical instrument in her hand. Presently she touched the strings and sang, to my extreme surprise, a portion of the "Sonnambula." This was like hearing the songs of Zion in a strange land. It transported me at once, *maigré moi*, to the bottom of the Haymarket, where I had often, in years gone by, listened to the same strains from the first singers in Europe.

Assuredly the greater part of our lives is scarcely distinguishable from a dream, and the things we delight in are empty beyond description. We ourselves are little better than instruments played upon by a thousand influences, which draw forth music from us, good or bad—as it may happen—leaving behind, in some cases, barely a reminiscence of what has taken place. None of us preserves a true record of his sensations. A few particles of air modulated and passing through a woman's throat throw us into ecstasies, fill us with flattering hopes, or disturb the well-spring of memory, and bring back all the past gushing over our souls. Everything around us is in its essence a mystery, but music appears to be the most mysterious of all things. It is a sort of mid-way existence between matter and thought, between silence and speech.

* *Isis*; an Egyptian Pilgrimage. By James Augustus St. John. In two volumes. Published by Longman and Co.

* On our return to the room where he had taken leave of us, some lilies of the valley were found lying on the table. He had worn them, as he often did flowers, in the button-hole of his coat, and as they were faded, had taken them out and left them there. They were carefully preserved, and are now before me, folded in a paper, yellow with time, thus inscribed, "Lilies of the valley, worn by my grandfather, at Ketley, 1st July, 1816."

It is not spiritual, it is not material; and though its articulations verge frequently on the province of language, it is smitten with eternal dumbness when it attempts to convey distinct and definite ideas. It exists entirely in the sphere of the feelings; pressing, as it were, on the confines of intellect, but never entering them, and going back to the founts of sensation, but never losing itself entirely in sense.

This is a very pleasant "bit o' writing;" the remarks are just, and delicately expressed; but it is easy to write books in this fashion. Go where we may, anything will suggest something to a man with a stock of ideas and a ready pen. If the street we are walking in has no storied associations, it has rural; for it was once country, and thence the transition is easy to the general and particular growth of towns, and all that sort of thing. A tune will call up associations of the composer, or its singers if it had any of mark, or a whole conjectural romance about the musician, whether in the street or in a house. A visit to a place called Cleopatra's Baths brings before Mr. St. John the Egyptian Queen and all about her character; in which he discovers that Shakspeare is quite wrong in his delineation, but that Mr. Bailey the sculptor will put all that to rights when he undertakes her statue. This and various similar digressions are nicely written, with a keen perception and in a genial, companionable style, occasionally a little warm. As a book of avowed reveries, or observations founded on something remote from the main body of the remarks, *Isis* might possess the sustained interest which only a plan adhered to can excite in the reader. Out of place, excellences themselves are disappointing.

The Swiss, Sicilian, and other foreign stories which are freely interspersed in the volumes, are well told; but they have not that striking character which justifies their insertion in a book professing to relate to Egypt. The indigenous tales are better; though they strike us as not being truly Oriental—smacking of literary *improvement*, if they are not of literary invention.

Parts of the book descriptive of the author's actual observation as a traveller have more reality than such matters as we have indicated. Many of the descriptions are vivid, with something of the freshness of nature breathing through them; the incidents of travel are often striking; and the pictures of the people interesting, from the humanity and feeling which the author, perhaps from good-nature, ascribes to them, since he differs from most other travellers. Even here, however, a defective plan is felt. The narrative is presented in a disjointed shape; and much of it appears to refer to the author's visit to Egypt many years ago, and to have received the coloring which remembrance very often imparts to reality.

From Household Words.

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

We were friends when our childish natures
Cared little for rank, I ween,
The wealth of their reaching tendrils
Twined o'er the gulf between;
When love, to our crowded school-room,
A bower from Eden brought,
Where we, as two hermits living,
Did feed on each other's thought.
Her clear eyes became her childhood,
Mine had shed womanly tears;
E'en then had grief made me older
Than since she has grown from years.

Yet Friendship is so transforming,
That few could ever divine
If the grief or the gushing laughter
Was most of it hers or mine.

That time, how it comes before me!
The lessons our love made light—
The seat in the large old garden—
The walk on the summer night.
The game, the song, and the reading
One page, till the twilight fell.
Ah! then we but laughed when the shadow
Came o'er what we loved so well.
And oh! how my heart, whenever
Hers was the triumph and prize,
Danced to the tune of her praises,
Or glowed to her lightning eyes!
And her warm friendship not only
In me could no fault spy,
But exacted from those who loved not
That charm of the loving eye.

Alas for the pleasant visions
With the dear school-days that fled!
For she was to be a lady,
And I was to earn my bread.
They loosed, as a tie degrading,
The bond which our childhood wove,
And fashion too soon froze over
The streams of that early love.
As seems the moon at its rising
To hang in some lowly tree,
O'erlaying its leaves with silver—
Her love was that moon to me.
But when she climbeth the heavens,
The tree is in shade alone;
Alas! from the life it brightened
E'en so hath my moonlight gone.

I've stood in the darkened doorway
While she passed in to the ball.
My beauty! I longed to see her
The pride and the queen of all;
And heard how her friends could envy,
And wished I might but command
A moment of rank, to give her
One pressure from one true hand.
They said she was sick. So often
We had nursed each other of yore,
That spite of the formal message,
And spite of the closing door,
I lingered, expecting vainly;
"Some touch of old fondness, now,
May wish for the hand familiar
To rest on the aching brow."

She was wooed, and by one above her—
A noble of wealth and fame;
I was glad, for her sake, his fondness
Could stoop and not call it shame.
To look on her wedding only
I put my mourning away;
I would not that aught too sombre
Should cross her that happy day.
And so she is gone; but no one
Her place in my heart can fill;
It is the heart's darkened chamber,
The dead friend lying there still.
So I sit in my window lonely,
And long, as she passes by,
For a turn of the old affection,
A glance from a softening eye.
And to heaven I still look forward—
Heaven, where the lost are found;
Where the shackles of earthly grandeur
Fall off on the holy ground;
Where the spirit at last enfranchised
May smile at its broken chain;
Where love is intense as holy—
To give me my friend again.

From Household Words.

DEAD, OR ALIVE?

GREAT heroes and great malefactors lay such hold of the popular imagination, that it is difficult to believe in the reality of their decease. Though they are slain in battle, or cast off from a scaffold in presence of a thousand spectators, whispers soon begin to spread that the death-wound was not fatal, or that the culprit escaped strangulation by wearing a silver pipe down his throat. Harold survives the battle of Hastings; and Fauntleroy is a merchant in New York. Kings have the same prescriptive tenacity of life, whether they were culprits or heroes. Richard the Second of England, James the Fourth of Scotland, and Sebastian of Portugal, lived in the belief of their respective nations long after their brains were out. The peasantry of Alsace are in expectation at this moment of the reappearance of Napoleon, and Russian serfs are said to talk mysteriously of the return of Alexander from his retirement at Taganrog. We can fancy a meeting between uncle and nephew, and also between the Tartaric brothers, which would be rather embarrassing to all parties. A snug little club of post-funeral monarchs might easily be got up; and here is the history of a candidate, who, we trust, runs no chance of being black-balled by the firmest stickler for divine right and hereditary power. An objection, to be sure, may be raised, that by the very terms of this account he forfeits his qualification as a member of the society of the deadly-lively, seeing that he is finally settled and decently buried at last; but who knows but that the settlement may have been as unsubstantial, and his coffin as empty on this occasion as on the first? If a man comes to life once, why not twice or any number of times? At all events, it will be agreed that up to the year 1830 he would have been an eligible candidate; for it was only in that year that any well-authenticated narrative of his (real) death was given to the public.

A French officer, who had served with distinction in the wars of Napoleon, found himself and his sword growing equally rusty in a land where golden epaulets and a silver scabbard were more valued than the bold heart or steel blade. Year after year passed on, and Major Grasigny found his moustachios getting grayer, and his purse emptier—without a hope of a rejuvenescence of his hair, or replenishment of his pocket. What was he to do? He had heard from a regimental chaplain that it was strongly recommended to convert certain implements of warfare into ploughshares, and he determined to follow the advice; but, as he had no land on which to exercise his agricultural skill, even after the transformation had been effected, he resolved to leave France to the most pious and gluttonous of kings, and betake himself to a country where a stout arm and firm resolve might keep him, at all events, from poverty and contempt. So Major Grasigny, of the second battalion of the Imperial Guard, collected the small remainder of his wealth, shook off the dreams of fresh campaigns that had haunted his pillow ever since he had been borne down by the last charge at Waterloo; left off his military strut; studied "Books of the Farm" and the "Dairyman's Guide," and embarked at Dieppe, to settle in the back woods of America.

The journey from New York to the Pacific is
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now a matter of every-day occurrence; it is so common, indeed, and everybody has heard so much about it, that everybody knows all the stopping-places as well as his way to church. Unfortunately, the major was not a great geographer, and knew nothing of natural history; so his contribution to the stores of our useful information was neither extensive nor valuable. He climbed an infinite variety of mountains; was nearly drowned half-a-dozen times in crossing nameless rivers; was, of course, swamped three or four times in canoes; narrowly escaped twice from a prairie on fire; encountered wild Indians; had a fight with forty buffaloes; and, in short, went through the usual adventures of an emigrant in search of a home.

Faintly and wearily the way-worn traveller saw the end of his journey approaching at last; and also of his possessions. A few dollars were all that remained to him when he arrived at the district in which he proposed to set up his staff. The name of it has never been exactly discovered, the Gallic pronunciation being unfavorable to geographical identification; but, as nearly as it could be made out, it was the township of Squash-bash, beautifully situated on the bank of the River of Salt. The Salt River, as it is more familiarly called by Anglo-Saxon tongues, was at that time almost the utmost limit of what is called civilization; the said civilization consisting in a superior knowledge of rifle-shooting, and large importations of gin. The major had walked on in advance of the humble vehicle that conveyed his goods, and rejoiced to find himself once more restored to the bosom of a Christian society; for, in the course of his walk, he came upon the body of an Indian recently shot, and nearly stumbled over the person of a gentleman from Kentucky who lay across the pathway, immensely drunk. Encouraged by these sights, he hurried forward; and, on emerging from the forest, the settlement of Squash-bash met his eyes. In more senses than one it was the settlement of his hopes. He didn't know the richness of that virgin soil, the advantages of that glorious river, the healthful alternations of that delicious climate from the black hole of Calcutta to the top of Caucasus. He saw nothing but what positively met his eyes. A primrose to him was nothing but a primrose, whether it grew by a river's brim, or hung from a dandy's button-hole. It was a dull, dead, uniform plain, overgrown with coarse reeds, and traversed by a vulgar, sullen-looking stream, which recalled to him neither the luxuriance of the Rhine, nor the glories of the Danube. There was no sign of human habitation wherever he turned his eyes. It was not long, however, before he discovered that he was not the monarch of all he surveyed; for he had not sat down many minutes to rest himself on the trunk of a fallen tree, when he heard the whizz of a bullet close at his ear, and the sharp crack of a rifle at no great distance. A thin wreath of smoke revealed the spot whence the assault proceeded; and, jumping to his feet, the major ferociously placed his right hand on his left-hand pocket, as if in instant expectation of feeling the hilt of a sword, and advanced rapidly to where his enemy had taken up his position. The rifle still pointed towards the inoffensive stranger, and was held by a gentleman with a remarkably long nose, small eyes, and a thin, lanky figure enveloped in a suit of loose, flowing nankeen, and surmounted by a

sombrero of enormous breadth. At his belt, also, he wore a brace of double-barrelled pistols, and a couple of thick-handled daggers; for he was a justice of the peace, and had formerly been employed as a missionary among the native tribes.

"I'll larn yer to dismolish my household furniture, you Hivite and Perizite," he said. "Do you think Hiramopolis is a captured city, that you kick about my tables and chairs in that ere owdacious manner?"

The major knew very little English; in fact, his knowledge of that language was limited to the short prayer or adjuration with which our countrymen, from an excess of religious enthusiasm, are in the habit of interlarding even their secular conversation. He therefore gave utterance to it as a sort of Shibboleth, which was to show he was no hostile intruder into the land. But Hiram Blotts, for such was the name of the worthy magistrate, was not entirely satisfied by the address, but continued his objurgation—

"You swearing Canaanite, I've a good mind to fine yer a dollar for that 'ere oath launched at an officer of the States in the execution of his duty. Why did yer sit down on my 'hogany table, you insolent French Jebusite with the dirty beard! Get out of Hiramopolis, or I'll send you to jail for three months as a rogue and a vagabond."

And as he spoke, he pointed in a threatening manner to a little rise of the ground about a hundred yards to his left, as if to call the major's attention to the city prison, which figured in that position on the plan of the future town. There was something in the tone of Hiram's voice which jarred on the Frenchman's feelings, and he was on the eve of taking his chance of the marksmanship of his opponent, and coming to close quarters, when a person who had hitherto been lying in the reeds at Hiram's feet, to all appearance sound asleep, lifted his head and asked, in a tone of surprise, what the quarrel was about.

"Drop it, Abinoam," said Mr. Blotts, "and let me settle the besieger. He's been and took possession of all my movables—sofas, chairs, and tables, as if he had bought 'em out of a 'polsterer's shop."

Abinoam, in a sort of French unknown either at Paris or Stratford-le-Bow, explained the cause of his friend's indignation; and the major was surprised to learn that in sitting down on the fallen tree, he was supposed to have attempted to infest himself in all the articles which the proprietor had intended to manufacture out of it. With an eye of prevision that saw many weeks into futurity, Hiram beheld on his lot—which he had modestly named Hiramopolis—all the glories yet to be:—the town-hall, the gaol, the market, and a rich and flourishing population owning him as their founder and exemplar. Mahogany tables, rosewood chairs, and oak-posted beds were all present to Hiram's inspired glance in the trunk and branches of the gigantic elm tree on which the major had taken a short repose.

But the sound of his own language, even in the perverted pronunciation of Abinoam, repaid him for all his fatigue and danger.

"Where did you learn French?" he inquired. "Is there any one near here who understands it?"

Abinoam nodded his head, and pointed down the river.

"I've helped the pasher of Egypt with his

crop of maize, and learned his lingo by hearing of him talk."

The major was greatly disappointed. He thought Abinoam was trying his tricks upon travellers by referring him to the pacha of Egypt, and looked for information to the justice of the peace, who still played doubtfully with the cock of his rifle.

"We calls his location Egypt 'cause of the flesh-pots; and he's such a tarnation grand old file, we always names him the pasher."

"But he's a Frenchman for all that, and the kindest and justest old gentleman as ever I see," added Abinoam.

"Then at last I have found a friend!" exclaimed the major. "Lead me to where he lives."

"He scarcely lives nowhere," said Abinoam, "for he's a-dying."

"If I had known you had been a friend of his'n, I would n't have given you this here reception," said the potentate of Hiramopolis, dropping the cock of his gun; "for there ain't a braver or truer soul, no part of this world nor any other, than the good old pasher, and no mistake."

"Is it far from this place?" inquired the major; and after Abinoam had conveyed the import of the inquiry to his companion, that individual shaded his eyes and began to look very attentively into the sky at an angle of about sixty degrees; and having at last obtained a view of the imaginary church-clock which was to form the central ornament of his future capital, he said, "I guess you'll get there afore six o'clock on them 'ere legs as you trust your body on. I could walk there in two hours, and 'Binoam shall show you the way."

"A countryman!" thought Major Grasigny, "in this wilderness, and to find him dying! At all events, I will cheer his last hours with the sound of the old familiar tongue. A French voice, even in a tone of unkindness, would be music to my ears." The way was not quite so long as Hiram had prognosticated, or perhaps the major's legs were not so inefficient; for, just as the sun rested his broad disk on the top of the enormous forest on the western bank of the river, Abinoam pointed to a low thatched cottage, made of rough unbarked trees, and intimated that that was the palace inhabited by the Egyptian pasher.

"Go along," he said, "and lift the latch. He don't like many folks at a time, so I won't go in to interduce yer. I must be off to old Hiram to help lay the foundation stone of the town-hall, or he swears he won't give me a lease of the principal hotel in the city—the Hiram Arms."

The major bestowed a gratuity on the expectant landlord, and gave him instructions for the bestowal of his luggage when it arrived; and, occupied with many thoughts and anticipations, he proceeded towards the hut. It was surrounded with more signs of civilization than he had yet encountered in the back-woods. There were large tracts of pasture and corn land partitioned into fields; a farm-yard well filled with stacks gave evidence of the fertility of the soil; while long lines of stables and cattle-sheds gave farther proof of agricultural wealth. The major walked quietly up to the door of the cottage. A low, almost noiseless knock received no answer, and he at last lifted the latch and stood upon the smooth clay floor.

"*Sang de San Gennaro!*" a voice exclaimed

from a corner of the room. "I hear a soldier's step! Who goes there?" The voice proceeded from a low truckle-bed without curtains, almost hidden from view by the depth of the recess it occupied.

"A friend," answered Grasigny, in the language in which he had been addressed, advancing towards the bed and gazing compassionately on the wasted features of his evidently dying host.

"This is too much happiness," exclaimed the latter, in a feeble voice. "I never expected to hear the dear old sounds again. You are a soldier!"

"I was a soldier," replied the major, "when swords and courage were of more value than ribbons and genealogical trees."

"Where have you served?" again inquired the sick man.

"Everywhere—Italy, Egypt, Germany, Russia—"

"And I—and I! What arm?"

"The Old Guard—our last fight was Waterloo."

"Give me your hand; I was at all—except the last. Oh! would I had had the fortune to have charged on that day, the event might have been different! Who knows! You remember the Pyramids!"

"Ay, I was wounded by a Mameluke spear. I was in Desaix's division, and a sharp fight we had of it."

"You were pushed by the cavalry on all the sides of the square. I saw your need—"

"We owed our victory to the gallant Murat. Never shall I forget the noble charge that drove the enemy into the Nile. I see the white plume yet in the tempest of dust and smoke—ever foremost, ever unsullied—then his war-cry sounded louder and more inspiring than a trumpet, and his generosity was equal to his valor. There has been no such Frenchman as the King of Naples since the days of Bayard."

"You recall many things to my recollection which in this hour were perhaps better forgotten," said the dying man with a sigh. "Do you intend to return to Europe?"

"Never!" replied the major. "The old countries have no use for a man like me."

"The time will come," said the other, after a pause. "The eagle will have another flight, and you may live to see the spreading of his wings. When that moment comes, all the true sons of France must be found at their posts. You will press once more the soil of our noble land; you will bear from me a message; you will say that, living or dying, there was but one thought in my heart—will you do this! Promise it to a brother-soldier and a dying man!"

A closer grasp of the hand he held was the major's reply; and, gratified by his consent, the invalid closed his eyes and in a few moments was asleep. The company of his countryman had a wonderful effect in renewing the old man's strength. Day after day passed on in the midst of recollections of their campaigns; a friendship such as only exiles in a foreign land can know, sprang up between them. Pierre Laverdy could not bear Grasigny to be absent a moment from the side of his bed. He called in the services of our friend Hiram Blotts, and made a will in favor of the major, leaving him all the property he possessed. All legal formalities were gone through, and Pierre seemed contented to die now that a

countryman and old fellow-soldier was to succeed to his effects. Grasigny was grateful, as befitted a person who derived so much benefit from the affection of his friend; and a hundred times a day repeated the promise he had given to be his benefactor's messenger to his relatives in France, and to convey to them the memorials of their friend's recollection. This repeated promise appeared to give increased satisfaction, when the salutary influence of Grasigny's presence lost its effect, and the disease under which he suffered made alarming progress. He felt at last that a few hours would bring his course to a close, and one night, when a single candle was dimly illuminating the little chamber, he had himself propped up upon his pillow, and with his hand pressed in the major's, thus began:—

"I have not told you, my dear Grasigny, who I really am. Pierre Laverdy is an assumed name; but, though a vow of silence on that subject seals my lips, you will learn my history when you go back to Europe. That you have seen me will not even be believed; but be bold and confident. There are still hearts in France that will feel that my words are true. To them only you will communicate what now I tell you. Say to them, that for fifteen years after they had mourned me as the tenant of a crimson grave, I was alive; but hindered, by reasons which it was impossible to overcome, from making my existence known. The first whisper of my name would have been death to my benefactor. The man who saved me would have been the victim of his generosity, if the success of his endeavors had been suspected. And thus it was. I was condemned by a pretended court-martial to die the death of a traitor. I, a traitor! whose whole soul was bent on the salvation of my country! I, whose heart beat for nothing but honor! But, enough—you will understand my thoughts."

"When the sentence was given, I stood erect and fearless—a curl of scorn on my lip, a glance of contempt in my eye. The deed was to take place at night in an old hall of justice, near the scene of my capture. My companions were taken from my side—I was powerless and alone. A groan rose from one end of the table at which the court was sitting; I looked to the place it came from, but I saw nothing but a gray head, covered with two trembling hands, through the closed fingers of which tears fell fast. I was marched away, and lodged in a dungeon underground. I had but two hours to prepare for death. I know not how long I had been immured, when the door of the prison opened, and a single figure stepped upon the floor. It was a man wrapped in a military cloak. There was no time for any introductory remarks: he placed one knee to the ground, and pressed his lips upon my hand. 'I served under you in Russia; you saved my life at Smolensko; I will save yours now, or die along with you.' I asked his name. He was a soldier of the third division—had distinguished himself in every battle; I knew him well. He drew from his breast the cross of the Legion of Honor, kissed it in sign of his fidelity, and restored it to its hiding-place. 'I am officer of the guard,' he said. 'When you hear the muskets of your executioners, fall on your face, and lie motionless. Here is my cloak, in which to envelop your head and person when you fall. Leave the rest to me.'

"Again he knelt and kissed my hand, and left me. A muffled bell reached my prison; the door

was thrown wide; a file of soldiers formed to be my escort; and we marched through dark and winding passages, ascended stairs, and found ourselves in a large hall lighted by a solitary lamp; and drawn up opposite me stood the firing-party in solemn silence. I looked at them, to discover, if possible, some sign of recognition; but the darkness was too great to enable me to discover a single feature. I heard their hearts beat in the midst of that voiceless calm. A legal officer at last began to read the sentence of the court. I was conducted to within a few feet of the further wall; the person who led me to the place gave my arm a grasp at parting. I stood up; opened my cloak once, to show my star and cross; then drew it close over my chest, and expected my fate. They fired; I fell, and lay motionless on the floor. Strange thoughts were in my heart at that moment. Was I wounded? Were the confused ideas that struggled within me the last beatings of life? I lay, perhaps, insensible; for my recollection of what passed is faint and dreamlike. The firing-party was marched round me thrice. The officer lifted the fold of the cloak from off my face—"A brave man has died," he said; and replaced the covering. They left the hall, marching in slow time, and I felt I was alone.

"Rise!" I heard a voice say at my ear; "the bullets of the twelve muskets were drawn—you are unhurt; a cuirassier of the guards died last night—his body is perforated with balls: he will be buried within half-an-hour in the grave prepared for you. Retire from Europe, or my life is the forfeit; breathe not of your escape. Here is a bundle, where you will find a disguise—your jewels will provide for your passage. Let a poor brother-soldier clasp your hand. Farewell!"

"He hurried me out. I availed myself of the clothes he had brought me, exchanged some jewels for a considerable sum of money, and, without any difficulty or misadventure, came over to the land of freedom. And now I am about to die. Lift me higher, for though we are alone, I will tell you the rest only in whispers; put your ear to my lips. When I am dead," he continued, "you will find in that wardrobe in the lower drawer a wooden case; take it, but do not open it till it reaches its destination. Carry it to Europe. Wait till the good time comes—come it will, though slowly. Then, when it will no longer be counted a disgrace to have fought for France, then, I tell you, take the sacred pledge I put into your charge, and give it to—nearer, nearer!—that you may bear the name." The major stooped his head to the very mouth of the dying man, and waited anxiously for the last instructions; but no voice came—no breath moved upon his cheek. The heart of Pierre Laverdy had ceased to beat, and Grasigny sat beside a corpse. Long he sat, musing and silent. At last he threw open the shutters of the little casement at the side of the bed, and the moon poured into the room. It fell upon the features of the dead, which now, for the first time, were fully revealed to the observer's gaze; hitherto, the darkness of the corner in which he lay had concealed them. The white beams fell upon a noble brow; and even the wasting of the cheeks and the rigidity of the lips could not hide the majestic lineaments and heroic expression which must have characterized his countenance in health. Memories seemed to rise to the major from the past, like fragments of wreck from the depths of the sea. He touched the motionless

hands with more respect as he crossed them upon the breast. A sacred something had filled him with reverence when first he had heard the tones of the voice; and now, when he lay before him in that wild solitude—so far from France, so unknown to all the world—he felt that he had only renewed an acquaintance with the noble spirit whom he had admired and followed so long; and again and again he knelt beside the bed, and wondered if it indeed could be. Doubt took possession of him from time to time, till a glance at the grand features and sublime repose of the departed restored his belief. The few preparations were soon made.

In a deep dell near the river, under a clump of wild magnolias, the body was committed to its rest; and Grasigny devoted himself to the fulfilment of his benefactor's command.

In the year 1848 there was a grand review in the Champ de Mars, in Paris. A glittering escort accompanied the chief of the state, who was still the unperjured governor of a free and gallant people. Near his side rode an officer without any decorations, to whom, however, more respect was paid than his military rank required. His name was shouted out with expressions of admiration as he rode along the Boulevards, gracefully reining in the fiery Arab he rode, and bowing graciously on either hand. A gray-haired man, who stood at a corner where he could see the whole procession close at hand, as he approached, examined him minutely. There was something in his air that struck him. There was a high and noble brow, firm, manly lips, and eyes that told of the proud spirit within. There was a military look in the gray-haired man which commanded attention; a cross of the Legion of Honor was on his breast.

"Monseigneur," he said, as the cavalcade passed, "I desire a word with you."

The fiery Arab was checked in a moment, and the rider stooped to his saddle-bow.

"My name is Grasigny, major—second battalion, Old Guard."

The horseman touched his hat and smiled.

"May I call on you to-night at six? I think I have a communication to make to you with which you will be pleased."

"To see an officer of the Old Guard will please me at all times," said the courteous cavalier, and galloped off.

Grasigny was true to his appointment. The officer received him graciously. With chisel and hammer the major undid the lid of the wooden case, lifted from it a sword carefully enveloped in a brilliant sash—held it to the light, and read a few words inscribed upon the gold plate of the handle.

"Monseigneur, my suspicions are confirmed," he said, and handed the sword to the officer, who started on seeing the inscription, and then covered the blade with kisses, alternating with tears. The words of the inscription were these:—

NAPOLEON TO JOACHIM MURAT,

AUSTERLITZ.

2D DECEMBER, 1805.

Is sounding great Wellington's praise,
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear,
For a great flood of tears (Thiers) he lets fall,
Which were certainly meant for sincere (St. Cyr).

From the Christian Observer.

IS EVANGELICAL RELIGION COMPATIBLE
WITH LITERARY TASTE?

THE question is often asked, Whether Evangelical religion is favorable to intellectual development; and we are far from denying the importance of the question; or the value of the inferences that may be drawn from its decision. We cannot but feel, that in man everything partakes of one common character; and that the effects of the fall are to be traced in the mind, as well as in the body. The wants of the body which render daily food necessary to it—the weakness, the tendency to decay, the indications of mortality impressed on every act and movement, and which require watchfulness, care, forethought, on the part of the ruling principle—all these things prove that the body will not live and vegetate if left to itself; but that the guardianship and guidance of the mind are essential to the development of the bodily powers, or even for their habitual exercise. But it is obvious, and no one who has given a few minutes of serious thought to the subject will deny, that the effects of the fall are still more manifestly exhibited in the mental than in the corporeal part of man. If there is weakness in one, there is perverseness in the other. If the body is made "subject to vanity," it had little share in its own undoing. The material part suffers from that which took place in the immaterial; and if the body groans and travails under the burden of corruption, we must feel that the burden was entailed upon it by the apostasy of the will, and by the act of the mind in preferring the evil to the good.

As the body then requires the superintending care of mind, and must waste its powers, or turn them to its own destruction, if not guided and regulated in its movements by a power of a higher nature; we must say the same of the mind, when considered as a distinct and separate principle in man. Left to itself, left to follow its own wild and desultory impulses, it must throw away all its energies in unprofitable labors, or sink into indolence and apathy; and in its present state, it needs a power which shall concentrate and direct its various talents, in order to lead them to any profitable result. That power, we conceive, is found in *religious principle*, and in that alone. We are aware that exciting and directing influences may be found in other things. We are aware that ambition, vanity, curiosity, may exercise such dominion over the volatile qualities of the mind as to lead them to inquiries that seemed at first uninviting, and to urge them to efforts that involve painful self-denial; but we are not prepared to admit that the control in this case is what it ought to be, because it corrects something that is wrong, or because it produces something that is good. We look to the general tenor of mind rather than its particular operations; and, leaving to the world the boast of some individual excellencies as the results of its system, we turn our attention to that character of soundness and truth which gives rise to the least of evil as well as to the largest amount of good; and repudiate every system which does evil that good may come, or thinks that an erroneous principle is justified by a successful result. On these grounds, we wish that the union between literature and religion should be inviolate. We believe that it was the will of God that they should be inseparably united; and do not hesitate to say, with regard to this union also, "what God has joined together let no man put asunder."

But while we have no hesitation in making this statement, and feel that the union might and ought to be preserved, we are not prepared to deny that there are difficulties attending its maintenance which are not easily to be overcome. The completeness of the union of the two sexes depends not merely on the legal tie, or the solemnities under which the con-

tract was formed; but also on the temper and disposition of the parties. Irregularities of feeling, or of conduct in the parties concerned, may neutralize the benefits or the comforts anticipated in marriage; and the bond which links two ill-assorted or discordant spirits together, may be anything rather than a bond of peace, and may destroy the happiness it was intended to promote and secure.

Something of the same kind may be predicated with regard to the union between literature and religion. That they are capable of being united, and that when really united they mutually assist each other, and contribute to each other's welfare, may be proved, not merely by argument, but by instances too numerous to be quoted, and too generally known to require repetition. At the same time it is necessary to add, that this happy result has been experienced in those cases alone where, in "literature," the unbelieving husband was sanctified by the believing wife's "religion;" and that if, in any case, jealousy or suspicion has intervened, and there has been a loss of that sameness of mind and unity of purpose which ought to prevail between parties so joined together, painful consequences have inevitably followed, and enmity and aversion have succeeded.

To carry on the analogy, may we not be permitted to say, that in this, as in every union where beings essentially corrupt are concerned, there is a ceaseless tendency towards the elevation of self, which shows itself by jealousy of every rival claim. Married life, though based on love, is not exempt from the influence of this feeling; and two individuals sincerely attached to each other, and each anxious to promote the happiness of the other, may be so anxious to promote that happiness in their own way as to be desirous of having their own way in everything, and may deem themselves justified in making every effort to obtain the power which they wish for.

If we are compelled to make this concession—not very honorable, we must admit, to the parties who are its subjects—there is less reason to deny its truth in the case which we were originally contemplating. That literature—let us rather say that literary taste—and religious sentiment may be combined, and that, in combination, they may flourish and bear fruit abundantly, no one can deny; but at the same time we must admit that there is a diversity of character in the two which requires control in order to cement the union; and that if the control is lost, or is not sufficiently exerted, the union may be soon dissolved, and the bitterness of hostile, irritated feelings may take the place of those affectionate regards on the faith of which the union was contracted at first.

It thus may happen that coldness and suspicion may rise up in minds which previously were untouched by any such feeling; and that literary taste, growing morbid and fastidious, may be jealous of the influence of religious feeling, and end by hating that which it originally cherished and rejoiced in. Such we must feel may be the case; and such, from what we know of the world, we may feel assured it will be in a large number of cases; and it is well, therefore, that we should be aware of what we must expect to meet, so as not to be surprised by its occurrence. Instead, then, of depending on the perfection of such an union as this which we have been considering, or of expecting a full and cordial support to the religious principle from the development of literary taste, let us remember that these principles, though capable of union, are in themselves, and essentially, separate; and that if they are not specially knit together, they have a tendency to diverge; and that, like diverging lines, they depart from each other more widely in proportion to their extension.

We have reason to fear that the present state of the literary world exhibits a painful instance of the effect we are describing. The literary principle—in other words, a taste for literature, as a means of en-

joyment as adding grace and animation to social life—is diffusing itself though the country. Books are regarded as the necessities rather than the luxuries of the world; and the press, with all its multifarious resources, is laboring to supply a demand which proceeds from every class in the community. Literature, therefore, is becoming more general; and perhaps it would be unjust to the present generation to say, that while the lower class has risen immeasurably above that which was considered as its level, the higher class has sunk below itself. We fear, however, that the tone of our general literature has suffered from this diffusion. The supply will always be adapted to the demand, in quality as well as in quantity; and just as the Great Exhibition showed that the English manufacturer, looking to the demand of the common people as his chief customer, was distinguished by the production of cheap but ordinary fabrics, and fell below his continental rivals in the production of the finer and more exquisite articles; so we must feel that the literature which is called out by the people's demand will be adapted to the people's taste; and will gradually lose all that delicacy of touch, and that accuracy of polish, which were required by readers of more refinement. There may be some room for regret in this point, even with regard to our literature itself. The carelessness as to style, the slang, the vulgarisms, that prevail in the innumerable books that are every day published and forgotten, bear a melancholy evidence to the deterioration of public taste in this respect. The same causes which affect the style do not fail to influence the sentiment; and where the only criticism which is regarded is that of the multitude, authors soon cease to fear the judgment of that higher tribunal which in their heart they despise.

There is an effect not unlikely to result from this altered tone in our literature, which must bear upon the subject we have undertaken to consider. In emancipating itself from the rules which the experience of past ages has laid down, there is every reason to fear that literature may lose in correctness more than it gains in strength; and that we shall have to learn the reality of our error by the endless absurdities into which we run. There is as much reason to fear that the pride which breaks the chain of authority, and lets the mind loose to follow the dreams of an undisciplined imagination, will have the same effect upon the spiritual nature, and will teach man to despise the truths he had been accustomed to venerate, in comparing them with the brilliant visions of a heated fancy. In this way, that union which the wisdom of our forefathers endeavored to form—that union which it was the avowed object of our great schools to promote, by the cultivation of sound learning and religious education—will be lost sight of; and literature, taking its rise in other seminaries, and commencing its course in other directions, will grow more and more ungodly as it advances; or aim at a compromise with public opinion, by pretending a respect for religion which it does not feel, or by substituting admiration for the Gospel ethics for faith in the Redeemer's work.

Such are our fears for the future; nor can we deny that those fears are strengthened by the consciousness of an essential tendency towards disunion in those principles which we wish to see linked together. It is possible that literary taste and evangelical sentiment may be united; and it is certain that they have been. It is also possible that they may be; and it is certain that benefit would result from the union. But our readers will remark that these positions are stated conditionally, and with some degree of doubt; for while we heartily desire that literature in all its forms should be sanctified by religion, and should rejoice to see letters thus ministering to its interests,

we cannot but feel that, in each case, there are natural tendencies which will be found acting in opposite directions, and that a man will always be in danger of holding to the one, and of despising the other. We speak of this as the general rule; and, like all general rules, it will have its exceptions.

Chrysostom (we are told) used to put Aristophanes under his pillow when he lay down to sleep. Mr. Wilberforce charges himself with losing a morning under the fascination of Shakspeare; and Mr. Cecil tells us that he himself put the dramatist on a shelf too high to be reached. And amidst the varieties of feeling, which may be found in men of unquestionable excellence, it cannot be doubted that the mind which has been admitted within the sanctuary, and has there dwelt amidst the glories that shall be revealed, is often disposed to turn with contempt on the works of man, and finds it necessary to make an effort in order to descend to secular literature. In such a case we could not venture to urge any such painful sacrifice; but rather should encourage continuance in the path thus happily entered, than suggest any deviation. But there will always be others, either less advanced in the spiritual life, or more capable of combining with it the pursuits of this life, whose powers may be legitimately applied to the cultivation of literary taste, and who may be rendering service to the cause of truth by the varied light they bring to bear on its evidences or its doctrines. The mind likewise gains strength from the exercise which this field affords, and fits itself for the duties of its higher calling by its labors in this *Palæstra*. Chrysostom derived from the study of the Greek Comedian that elegance of diction which drew the population of Constantinople to his church, and which obtained for him the name by which he is known to posterity. Mr. Wilberforce perhaps caught from Shakspeare that acquaintance with the human heart which enabled him to rivet the attention of the British House of Commons, and to accomplish the emancipation of Africa. Each of these men would have been what they were, in one sense, even though they had lacked the advantage drawn from literary attainments; but neither of them would have done what they did, if they had neglected the cultivation of the talent bestowed on them. Even Mr. Cecil, when he placed Shakspeare on the top shelf of his library, might have been conscious that he owed to that mighty master much of the power which he was exercising every Sabbath in his pulpit; and only laid the cestus aside when he felt that his arm had been strengthened by its use.

R.

THE papers contain a curious exemplification of the comparative appreciation of public services bestowed by the public. A Committee has been in existence for twenty years for the purpose of erecting a monument in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Sir James Mackintosh—and after twenty years' exertion, all that Lord Lansdowne and Lords John Russell and Mahon, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Macaulay, and Mr. Rogers can, with their own liberal subscriptions, induce people to subscribe, is about 550*l.*—little more than one of the thirteen sums of 500*l.* put down during the present week by noblemen and gentlemen for the Wellington College. There is a lesson to be read in this subscription. It was got up in a drawing-room at first—and never got much beyond the hall-door of Lansdowne House. To revive such a subscription for a man, however famous, who has been many years dead, seems nearly a hopeless matter. How the single subscription for the *dead* Nelson flagged some fifteen years since—and how liberally subscriptions flowed in at the same time for at least five statues for the then *living* Wellington!—*Athenæum*.

From Chambers' Journal.

ARCTIC CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENCE.

MAN treads the earth to vanquish it. Already the terrestrial surface is covered with the insignia of his victory—the wide-spread sea is meshed with the furrows of his progression—the stable land is one monumental record of his success. The mighty victor has pushed the frontiers of his dominions on either hand, until the east has met the west. In the north and the south alone there are narrow spots that he has not yet been able to subdue. The arctic and antarctic regions of the globe are the last strongholds into which beleaguered nature has withdrawn, behind her glacis and battlements of frost and cold, in grim defiance of the advancing conqueror.

In these arctic fastnesses, the fight has already been both stern and long. Every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief; often the price has been fearful destruction of human life. Three centuries and a half ago, Gaspar Cortereal began the war by crossing the threshold of the Frozen Sea; the ice laid hold of him, and held him fast in its remorseless grasp. In the following year, Miguel Cortereal pursued his missing brother's steps, in the hope that he might discover the place of his captivity. It is not known whether the gallant adventurer succeeded in his search, but it is certain that he never returned from it. In 1553, Willoughby reached the shores of Nova Zembla: years afterwards, the Russians found his ships frozen to the desolate coasts of Lapland, and freighted with the lifeless bodies of their crews. In 1596, Barentz discovered Spitzbergen, and doubled the northern point of Nova Zembla. His bones and his vessels were the prey of the inexorable clime, but his men effected their escape in boats. In 1610, Hudson penetrated into the vast inland sea that bears his name; he never came out of it again, for his mutinous sailors set him adrift upon its surface in an open boat, and left him a sacrifice to the offended spirit of the place. In 1619, Monk wintered upon the northern shore of Hudson's Sea; two only, out of a crew of fifty-two, came back. In 1719, Knight and Barlow followed in the track of Monk; long after, the fragments of their vessels were noticed on the rocks of Marble Island, but no vestiges of the mariners themselves ever appeared. In 1819, Parry was fortunate enough to catch the Boreal guardian spirit napping at his post, and managed to steal through Lancaster Sound into the recesses of the Polar Sea, before his fell antagonist was fully roused. He wintered in the arctic archipelago, and returned in safety; but when he attempted to repeat his bold and successful feat soon afterwards, he was detained a close prisoner on Melville Peninsula for two long years, and was then summarily dismissed from the neighborhood in the custody of massive and resistless drift-ice. In 1825, he did again get as far as Prince Regent's Inlet, but was only too glad to be allowed to beat a hasty retreat therefrom in the ensuing summer, with the loss of one of his vessels. In 1829, John Ross effected an entrance into the same inlet; but after three years' detention in it, escaped almost by miracle, abandoning his misnamed ship, the *Victory*, to the enemy. In 1819, Franklin attempted an ingenious surprise, by descending the rivers of North America into the contested ground. He travelled nearly 6000 miles in boats and on foot; and for four months had to feed on little but

lichens, deer-skins, and old shoes. After three years, he returned without much absolute gain to the cause. Upon more than one occasion the beleaguered spirit has shown that it can meet stratagem with stratagem. In 1827, Parry attempted to go to the Pole itself, by dragging small boats over ice when he met with it, and by sailing them through water where this occurred. He travelled far enough to have fixed his quarters upon the pole, but found that he was still hundreds of miles away from it. The ice-fields that he had toiled over had all along been drifting nearly as fast to the south as he had moved to the north. He had scarcely made tens of miles, when he seemed to have gone hundreds, and accordingly he was obliged to throw up his boldly-conceived design in despair. In 1836, Back tried to reach Melville Peninsula, with a firm determination that he would on no account brave a winter in the Frozen Sea. As soon as he touched the ice, his ship was seized with a resistless gripe, hoisted upon an enormous buoyant slab, and by its means was floated helplessly backwards and forwards, month after month, through winter and through spring, and at last was cast out from its uncomfortable cradle, into Hudson's Strait, in a crazy and sinking state.

If the object of the determined struggle that is carrying on in the arctic seas were now, as it once was, merely the opening of a way from one of the earth's oceans into the other, amidst hummocks, and bergs, and flocs of ice, but a small measure of attention would, in all probability, be given to it. This is not, however, the case. The aim of the gallant bands that are now engaged in the warfare is a far more generally interesting one. In 1845, Franklin attempted to penetrate into the North Polar Sea by the ordinary route of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, and disappeared through Wellington Channel with a devoted train of one hundred and thirty-eight followers. He wintered in safety the first year on the eastern side of the mouth of the channel: but since then six long years have passed, and no further indication of his fate has reached the friends he has left at home. Hence it is, at the present time, that every rumor purporting to come from the fields of arctic enterprise is caught at with breathless eagerness; hence that every record of arctic adventure is studied with deepest interest. Thousands who would not care a straw for the opening of a North-west passage from the Atlantic into the Pacific, yet on this account have their attention riveted upon every little movement in the polar seas.

The several expeditions with which the search for Sir John Franklin has sown the polar seas, have yielded an abundant crop of printed books. One of these numerous narratives stands out pre-eminently from among the rest; in the first place, because it records the proceedings of the adventurers who have been most successful on the whole; and in the second place, because the narrator is an accomplished observer and interrogator of nature, and has involuntarily illustrated the tale he has had to tell by incidental matter, that is full of interest for the world at large, apart from its immediate bearing on the general business of the search. Dr. Sutherland, in his *Journal of Captain Penny's Voyage to Wellington Channel in 1850 and 1851*, recently published, has made a valuable contribution to the stores of science, at the same time that he has drawn up a pleasing record of the

labors of the discovering party to which he was professionally attached.

The mere idea of a man sitting down calmly and patiently to interrogate nature in the cold and gloom of an arctic winter, has in itself an element of grandeur that is well calculated to arrest favorable attention. It is no little thing to submit to be shut-up for months at a time, where the only prospect is the deep shadow cast behind the earth in space, from which all direct solar influence is entirely excluded. In order fully to realize what the character of such a school of philosophy must be, the reader must fancy for himself a dim twilight landscape, made up of accumulated snow and ice, the latter nowhere less than seven feet thick, blown upon by an atmosphere 70 degrees colder than freezing water, and keen enough to bite a piece out of any human flesh it touches. In the midst of this landscape, he must place a ship of confined dimensions, firmly imbedded in the seven-feet ice, and covered up by a canopy of snow, no light but candle-light between its closed-in decks, no warmth but an artificial stove-heat, insufficient in amount to keep the ice out of the beds. Such was the home in which Dr. Sutherland pursued his investigations during the long polar winter of 1850. For six weeks, the temperature in his cabin was at least 10 degrees colder than freezing; and a quantity of ice, placed in a tumbler lying sideways, continued undissolved all the time—often the mercury of his scientific instruments was as solid as lead. Upon one occasion, during an out-door excursion, he placed some water in a gutta-percha flask for his own especial use, but he could not get it out again until he had slept with the bottle for three nights in his armpit. The 22d of December was marked as being particularly mild, the mildness consisting of a temperature 38 degrees colder than freezing. It is worth while to peruse Dr. Sutherland's narrative—if for no other reason—to be able to form a just idea of how much even science owes to the glorious sun!

The first great difficulty the arctic voyager has to contend with, is the capricious state of the navigation in the grand approach to the Polar Sea. The melting of the ice and snow in the north of Baffin's Bay, produces a continuous stream of water, which flows steadily to the south. As soon as this current leaves the projecting points at the head of the bay, a thin film of ice is formed on it. This ice gets thicker and thicker as it moves southwards, by congealing new layers of sea-water on its under surface, and by storing up snow and sleet above, until it becomes what the whaler calls the middle-ice of the bay. In winter it extends from shore to shore; but in summer it is separated from the Greenland coast by an open lane of water, in consequence of its connection with the fringe of land, ice being dissolved where northerly winds prevail. An open space of water is always left by this southward drift of the ice-pack at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay; the extent of the space varies, however, with the season. In winter, it is diminished by the shooting-out of the land-ice towards the drift, and the quickened formation of the young ice; in summer, it is increased by the breaking-up of the land-ice, and the arrest of the formation of young ice. The great object of the mariner bound to Lancaster Sound, is to push his way through the open lane of water along the Greenland coast, and to get round the northern extremity of the drift-ice. But

he finds this to be no easy task; every southerly gale crushes the ice in upon the shores of the bay, and squeezes any unfortunate vessel chancing to be placed therein before it, often wedging it up immovably, or even breaking it to pieces under the violence of the nip. The only resource of the captive voyager, under such circumstances, is to seek a refuge beneath the lee of some huge ice-mountain that has grounded a mile or two off the land, or to take timely warning, and cut docks in the solid land-floe, into which he may retire when the pressure comes. The driving iceberg is, however, a fearful neighbor, if the water prove not shallow enough to arrest its movement, for it will then sometimes plough its onward way through miles and miles of field and pack-ice, heaving up the frozen masses before its tremendous impulse, and sweeping everything away that opposes its course.

Captain Penny's little vessels, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, of two hundred and one hundred tons burden respectively, entered Davis' Strait on the 26th of April; but they did not get into the open water at the head of Baffin's Bay, until the 18th of August. Nearly four months they were squeezed about among the drifting ice in this tedious and terrible passage—sometimes closely wedged on the shore-ice, and sometimes tracking by manual labor through the breaking pack. Dr. Sutherland thinks there is more chance of an easy passage early in the season, before the shore-ice is much broken, and when the middle-ice moves away from it bodily, without any intervening detritus, than later in the season, when there is a greater quantity of loosened ice to be packed into the channel.

The entire length of the Baffin's Bay coast of Greenland is indented with bays and fiords, towards which glaciers descend from the higher interior land. At Cape Farewell, the termination of the glacier-ice is still miles away from the sea; between Cape Farewell and Cape York the land, devoid of the incursions of glacier ice, gets narrower and narrower. North of Cape York the ice-stream projects into the sea itself, even beyond the line of prominent headlands. It is from this region that the vast icebergs, drifted out into the open Atlantic by the southward current, are derived; for it is a singular fact, that there is no glacier-ice along the shores westward of Lancaster Sound. All the snow which there falls, even so far north as 77 degrees of latitude, escapes to the sea in streams of water, carrying with them vast quantities of mud and shingle. The land on both sides of Barrow's Strait is composed of limestone; but Greenland, and the coasts which form Davis' Strait, Baffin's Bay, and Lancaster Sound, where the fallen snow is retained for ages before it slips, as the solid glacier, back to the ocean, are all made of hard crystalline rock. Dr. Sutherland thinks that this difference of mineral constitution may in some way affect the temperature, and so determine the abundance of glaciers in the one position, and their absence in the other.

The projecting tongues of the glaciers are not dissolved where they extend into the sea, but broken off by a species of "flotation." Heavy spring-tides are driven into the head of the bay, and up the fiords, by strong southerly winds, and the buoyant ice is heaved up by the rising water, and broken off from its parent stream. The floating power of large masses of ice must be enormous. Dr. Sutherland observed upon a small island, at an elevation of forty feet, a block of

granite that measured sixteen feet in length, and must have contained at least one hundred and eighty-six tons of solid rock! He calculated that a cube of ice, forty feet across the side, could easily have carried off this burden in water seven fathoms deep. Icebergs, thus broken off from the parent glacier, were often observed tumbling about in the sea. Some of these were four times bigger than St. Paul's Cathedral, and shrouded themselves in a veil of spray as they rolled over, emitting sounds that could only be compared to terrific thunder-peals, and turning up the blue mud from depths of two hundred and three hundred fathoms. Oscillations in the sea were produced by such disturbances, which, after travelling a dozen miles, pounded into fragments the ice-field on which they ultimately fell.

Captain Penny's expedition reached the entrance of Wellington Channel on the 25th of August. On the 14th of September, young ice formed round the ships; and they were compelled to take up their winter-quarters in Assistance Bay, near the south-west point of Wellington Channel. Captain Austen's Squadron, of four ships, was fixed on Griffith's Island, a few miles further west. November 7th, the sun was beneath the horizon at noon, the thermometer was seven degrees below zero, and the sea-ice three feet thick. January 13th, mercury froze for the first time. At the end of January, the ice was five feet thick. The sun rose above the southern horizon for an instant at noon, February 7. February 24th was the coldest day, the thermometer sinking forty-five degrees below zero. April 3, the ice was seven feet thick. In the beginning of May, it attained its maximum thickness of seven feet nine inches. June 12th, the thermometer rose to fifty-five degrees, the highest point of the season. Two days after, the first rain fell. At the end of June, small streams of water began to flow from the land. At the end of July, the sea-ice was diminished to a thickness of four feet by the melting of the upper surface. August the 8th, the bay-ice broke up, and set the ships free, after eleven months' close detention. Four days afterwards, the young ice began again to form on the sea at night.

Throughout this winter of intense cold, the temperature of the sea remained nearly uniform. It never sank so low as twenty-nine degrees. A hole was kept open through the ice, near the ships, for the purpose of observing the water, as well as for noticing the rise and fall of the tides. The ice invariably increased its thickness by additions to its lower surface. As the sea-water froze, a considerable portion of its salt was separated from it, and blown along the surface of the ice, mixing with the fresh-fallen snow as it went. On this account, snow-wreaths could never be used for melting into water: the snow on the land often contained traces of salt, miles away from the sea. The sea-ice hardly ever contained more than one-quarter the quantity of salt found in an equal volume of sea-water.

An interesting series of experiments were tried upon the expansive power of freezing water, with a view to the illustration of the movements of glacier-ice in rocky ravines. A strong iron bottle, with a narrow neck, was filled with water, and exposed to a temperature seventeen degrees below zero. In a few minutes, a little water overflowed the orifice; soon after, a column of ice followed, rising slowly through the neck, and emitting a crepitating sound; after this had protruded for

about eighteen lines, it was all at once blown out with the violence of a pistol's explosion, the volume of frozen material having increased one-tenth altogether. When the bottle was placed in water a few degrees warmer than ice, the frozen column again rose out of the neck to one-twelfth the former extent, showing that ice expands under increase of heat, like all other bodies.

The interior of the ships was warmed to between forty and fifty degrees. This was found to be the highest limit of safety; in it, the hoar-frost was never thawed in the beds; the blankets and night-caps of the sleepers often adhered inconveniently to the ships' planks. With a higher temperature, the vapor of the interior of the ships was deposited in the beds as moisture instead of ice, and then rheumatic attacks were troublesome among the crew. With this range, the difference of heat experienced on going into the open air often amounted to one hundred degrees; three times as much as the difference between the mean temperature of England and the tropics.

Much less food was consumed during the winter's rest than during the labors of summer. On this account, the provisions were served out without weighing, and considerable weekly savings were effected. The men took instinctively just what nourishment the waste of their bodies required. Some of the crew were buried in snow-burrows, to investigate the amount of comfort that might be expected in such a style of lodging. In an hour and a quarter, the temperature rose from twenty-five degrees below zero to a little above it. Men with the most capacious lungs warmed their snow-burrows the most rapidly; but all who were closed up in them, maintained that they were neither warm nor comfortable, to say the least of them.

A vast abundance of the lower forms of life was found everywhere in the inclement region in which the ships sojourned. Small cavities, from two to six feet deep, studded the under surface of the sea-ice. A greenish, slimy substance, composed of animalcules and microscopic plants, was found in these. The cavities, in fact, had been hollowed out by the higher temperature attendant upon the vital action going on in these minute creatures. The most intense cold seemed to have the power of destroying some kinds of life-germs.

Mity cheese, that had been exposed throughout the winter, never again manifested any return of crawling propensity.

The influence of solar light was exceedingly small during the depth of winter. A little trace of daylight was always perceptible at noon; but for seven days before and after the 22d of December, chloride of silver was not blackened by exposure to the south horizon. On the 1st of January, it began to assume a slight leaden tinge. Mustard and cresses were reared with great care; but the young plants were composed of ninety-four per cent. of water, and contained only half the quantity of nutritious and antiscorbutic matters that had been present in the seeds.

The men were kept amused during the winter, by theatrical representations, balls, and masquerades, after Captain Parry's example; but the schools and libraries were the most valuable auxiliaries in preventing ennui. Geographical studies were especially popular. After the nightly lessons, it was often necessary to settle fore-castle disputes as to the insular character of Cape Horn, the Roman Catholic faith of the Chinese,

and the identity of the crocodiles of the Nile with the alligators of the Mississippi.

Far from the least interesting members of this arctic community, were a kennel of Esquimaux dogs, that had been established in a snow-hut near the ships. The four oldest had accompanied M. Petersen, the Danish interpreter, from Greenland. But these had thriven and multiplied amid the congenial scenes of ice and snow, so that complete teams for two sledges could be furnished out in spring. They were great favorites among the seamen, and flocked eagerly round the first person who emerged from the snow-covered ships in the morning. They were, nevertheless, of highly jealous temperament, for if one of them chanced to receive more notice than his companions, the lucky fellow was forthwith attacked by the rest of the pack. This so constantly occurred, that some of the cunning young dogs became afraid of the men's caresses, and ran away the moment any marked demonstrations of kindness were directed towards them. In many points, amusing instances of the adaptation of canine instinct to the necessities of arctic life were displayed. In fine, sunny weather, the dogs satisfied their thirst by lapping the surface snow; but in colder periods of the season, they burrowed some inches down for their supply of frozen water. In extremely severe weather, they constantly coiled themselves closely up, and covered their noses with the shaggy fur of their tails. At these times, they never rose even to shake off the accumulating wreaths of falling snow; if their masters called them, they answered by turning their eyes, but without removing their natural respirators from their nostrils, and no demonstration short of a determined kick, could make them shift their quarters; but, at other times, they lay stretched out at full length, and were on their legs in obedience to the first tone of a familiar voice. The young dogs had to learn some painful experiences. The first time they were taken to the open water, they mistook it for ice, coolly walked into it, and were nearly drowned. One poor fellow undertook to lick a tempting morsel of fat from an iron shovel, when, greatly to his surprise, the cold metal stuck fast to his tongue, and he dragged the shovel along for some distance, at last only extricating himself from it by a strong effort, and at the expense of leaving some inches of mucous membrane behind him. When the dogs were employed in sledging-work, it was no uncommon thing for them to start off with their loads in full pursuit of bears. In the spring, two carrier-pigeons were despatched in the car of a small balloon. The balloon fell upon the ice, while still in sight, and dragged along for some distance. An object that was so full of interest to their masters, could not, by any means, be slighted by the dogs; in a moment, they were all off after it, the men following them pell-mell to save the pigeons. The four-footed animals had by far the best of the race; but the balloon, fortunately for its freight, cleared the edge of the ice just as they came up with it. When the ice around the ships broke up, the dogs understood the indication, and galloped about in mad joy, leaping from piece to piece, and whining restlessly, or swimming round the ship until they were picked up, and established upon the decks.

The result of Captain Penny's labors, so far as

exploration is concerned, is universally known. Sledging parties went out in the spring. A large whaling-boat was dragged bodily up Wellington Channel, and launched in the clear water beyond the ice barrier. Two thousand miles were travelled over, seven hundred and ten of which were in districts seen for the first time by human eyes. No further traces of the missing expedition were, however, found. The *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* left Assistance Bay, homeward bound, on the 12th of August: five weeks afterwards, they were in the Thames. Even to the last, Dr. Sutherland's habits of philosophic generalization remained with him. He found that, during the passage through Davis' Strait and across the Atlantic, the temperature of the sea-water increased so gradually and steadily, that he was induced to speculate on the possible approach of the time when mariners would require no other instruments than the compass and thermometer to traverse wide intervals of open sea in safety.

THE DIM OLD WOODS.

THE dim old woods in the wintry time!
How solemn and sad their tone,
When the winds sweep through, with a moaning
chime,
The aisles of the forest lone!
When the root its wonted thirst hath lost,
For the flow of the hidden rill,
And the fragile shoot is stiff with frost,
And the sap in its cell is still—
When each gay leaf, that threw so soft
Its shades o'er summer's brow,
Hath flown from its wavy sphere aloft,
To rest near the starry snow—
When each sweet flower, with scented cup,
Frail withering where it grew,
Hath closed its faded petals up,
No more to drink the dew—
And when each trembling note that gushed
In soft and silvery song,
And the insect hum, are silent hushed,
The leafless boughs among!
Ah! sorrowing seem those woods so dim,
As they lift their branches bare—
The shivering twig and the rigid limb,
To the clasp of the frosty air;
And they seem to mourn, 'mid the wintry storm,
For the flush of the greenwood bough,
And sigh for the sere and ruined bloom
That sleeps on the earth below.
And yet, those dark, sad solitudes!
I love their music well—
When whispering echo fills the woods
With tones of her murmuring shell;
For though the wind no voice doth own,
As it sleeps in the silent tree,
Yet the forest breathes with hollow moan,
Like the sound of the ceaseless sea—
As the spirit forms of leaves and flowers,
That grace warm summer's smile,
Were rustling still among the bowers
Where erst they shone, the while—
And the spangled frost-work, cold and bright,
That gleams on twig and stem,
Seems a throne for each of frozen light,
With a diamond diadem!
O! I love those gems by the sunbeam kissed,
As they swing in the sparkling air,
And I love in the dim old woods to list
To the voices stirring there!

From Household Words.

IMPERIAL ANECDOTES.

NAPOLEON the Great—by comparison—said of his two wives; the faithful one whom he abandoned, and the imperial one who cost him his imperial crown: "I have occupied myself considerably, during my life, with two women, the one all art and grace, the other all innocence and simple nature, and each had her value. The first, at all periods of her life, was mistress of every description of seductive and agreeable quality; it would have been impossible to surprise her in an unguarded moment. Whatever art can imagine, to enhance female attraction, was cultivated by her; but, with such cautious mystery, that its existence could never be divined. The other, on the contrary, never even suspected that the most innocent artifice was requisite to assist her attractions. The one was forever avoiding the truth, and a negation was her first impulse; the other was ignorant of the nature of dissimulation, and subterfuge was foreign to her. The first never made a request to her husband, but overwhelmed herself with debt; the other never hesitated to ask for what she wanted when she required it, which was rare. She never conceived the idea of having anything for which she did not pay instantly. With all this difference;—both were equally good, equally gentle, and equally attached to the husband whom their destiny had appointed them."

Equally!—poor Josephine, it is true, died of a broken heart for wrongs and injuries most undeserved. Marie Louise saw the overthrow of the Empire, of which she shared the rule, with more than indifference; and cast aside—as unconsidered trifles, only fit presents for her *femme de chambre*, who sold them to a pawnbroker—all the *gages d'amour* given her by her imperial admirer; sacrificing, without a sigh, even a locket containing the hair of her ill-fated son.

The coronation of the first Emperor of France since Charlemagne—when the fascinating Josephine was in the utmost height of her glory and perhaps of her happiness—began to be talked of in 1804, at the time Napoleon was at Boulogne, superintending the manœuvres of those famous flat-bottomed boats which, to the number of two thousand, were destined to land an army on the coasts of amazed and terrified England.

While her ambitious husband was busy with his great scheme, Josephine was preparing to pay a visit to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle; some said for health, and some whispered to reconnoitre a city where the powerful Emperor of the West had preceded the modern Charlemagne in an august ceremony, of which the magnificent cathedral still retained relics.

The official addresses now in vogue in France are exact parodies of those which every prefect and every mayor, in the towns through which the court was to pass, was tutored to pour forth at the empress's feet; and the replies dictated by Napoleon to his wife, and carefully studied by her, were no doubt extremely like those uttered at every place where the pageant of empire is at this instant being exhibited. But, occasionally, Josephine forgot her part, or became wearied with its sameness. Whenever she did so, she never failed to make a deep impression; so charming was her manner, so sweet were her words.

All the meanness, the servility, the grasping for power and place, which now distinguish the

worthy magistrates who paraphrase the Lord's Prayer and the whole gospels to do honor to the shadow of Napoleon's greatness, were brought into play at the time when the bewitching Creole—who was more sinned against than sinning throughout her career—was journeying to Aix-la-Chapelle. The empress, "well-born, matched greater" by her first sad marriage, had no occasion to take lessons of an actor to learn how to sport her dignity with effect. Nature had endowed her with that grace beyond the reach of art, which, in her case, art had rendered irresistible; and many of those of her court who could scarcely conceal their contempt for the pompous and vulgar habits and manners of the great sovereign, could not but render justice to the superiority of the late Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

At that period there were no good roads in France where the emperor had not passed; and, in the department of Roër, nothing could be more wretched and neglected than the public ways which, for the first time, were traversed by an imperial cortège. Most of the travellers whose evil stars led them into these regions, were forced to ride on horseback after leaving the wrecks of their carriages in ruts, and sloughs, and precipitous passes; but, as the empress could not be expected so to travel, it was found necessary to apply to the minister of the interior. The director, willing to gain credit for his zeal at as little expense as possible, lost no time in ordering loads of sand to be thrown into the frightful holes which honeycombed the way, and which threatened an overthrow at every step. The empress's carriage would, by this transient means of repair, get on unscathed; but, with regard to her suite, he troubled himself little concerning their fate.

The inhabitants of Aix-la-Chapelle were indignant at this proceeding, and resolved to pay the *directeur des ponts et chaussées*—as hard-hearted as our mythic woods and forests—in his own coin. Accordingly, when it came to his turn to travel along the same road from Liège, in order to pay his respects to Josephine, they set to work and diligently removed the whole of the sand which had concealed the true state of the dangerous way. The unlucky director was, of course, overturned without mercy, as so many unheeded travellers had been before; and he suffered more even than former victims, for he was a remarkably fat, heavy man.

The catastrophe of poor M. Crété, the director, so far from exciting pity at the Imperial Court, afforded an endless source of merriment; and while he was overwhelmed with expressions of sympathy, the affair was looked upon as a certain means of procuring a good road; a consummation which no representations, however eloquent, could have produced.

Josephine, who never disputed her husband's commands, had obeyed his injunctions to establish herself in a house of her own, rather than accept the apartments offered to her by the dignitaries of the town of Aix-la-Chapelle. She was consequently lodged in a habitation much too small, and was put to great inconvenience all the time that she awaited the arrival of Napoleon to be better accommodated.

Nothing could be more ridiculous than the affected manners, and the struggles to be dignified, of all the parvenus who now surrounded the sovereign. That rough simplicity and independent frankness which had hitherto been considered

suitable to a republic, were expected to give place to a courtly and ceremonious and high-bred tone, entirely unknown to mushroom courtiers who sighed for hints of Louis the Fourteenth's customs, and vainly practised on their domestics the stage tricks which they hoped might pass for genuine high breeding.

Josephine had humor and natural good sense enough to see the absurdity and vulgarity of this aped gentility; and was so often tempted to treat it with ridicule, that the refined Madame de la Rochefoucauld, her chief lady of honor, and the stately M. d'Harville, her grand chamberlain, found it necessary to recommend to their lively mistress a little more gravity and decorum.

To their serious representations Josephine would laughingly reply: "all this etiquette is perfectly natural to those born of a royal estate and accustomed to support the weariness of such a position. But to me, who have had the good fortune to live for so many years as a private gentlewoman, it may be permitted to forgive those who cannot forget the circumstance more than I can forget it myself."

At length orders came that the empress was to take possession of the Hotel of the Prefecture, and a series of receptions on a grand scale commenced, where the chief personages of the town, and distinguished strangers, were received with all due regard to etiquette and ceremony; the whole forming a parody on the vanished grandeurs of Versailles; which, even those who had suffered in their extinction could laugh at, and treat with intense ridicule. At their private parties every fresh anecdote of the awkwardness and pretension of the performers on this new stage, was listened to with malicious delight. Two of the most admired comic actors of the day, who were received into this circle, having arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle with their company to play before the empress, furnished endless amusements by their imitations of the manners, words, and gestures of the unaccustomed courtiers; who overdid everything and flew "like French falconers" at whatever they imagined would produce the desired effect of giving them an air of polish.

On one occasion the court was thrown into considerable agitation by the forwardness of the brave but inexperienced young general, who commanded the department. The first time he was presented to the empress—whom he saw seated on a long sofa—he very coolly took his place beside her, as he would if she had been the wife of the mayor; in vain the chamberlain advanced a seat, and the lady-in-waiting motioned him to occupy it. He bowed, smilingly, but declined their civilities, and kept his position. Every one but Josephine herself sat on thorns; but she good-naturedly took no notice of the intrusion. A report, however, of the indignity was made to the emperor; who forthwith sent back an angry message, reproving her for her unbecoming indulgence, and thus proving to her that her court was destined to be complete; for it was even furnished with spies.

The secretary of the empress, M. Deschamps, before he was a courtier, had been an author and an intimate of the actors of the day. His new position placed him sometimes in embarrassing circumstances, as regarded his old friends, and he found himself continually mortified by their familiarity, and the recollection—which they would not allow to sleep—of the part he had formerly taken

in their ridicule of modern courtly manners. Poor M. Deschamps was overwhelmed also with the confidences of the empress; who applied to him to rescue her from the consequences of her numerous extravagancies; so that, between his terror of disgrace with the emperor, and of displeasing his mistress, he had reason to regret having obtained the place he had taken most urgent means to obtain. His office was not only to provide for the empress's necessary charges; but to suppress, to curtail, to avert, to dissimulate, to conceal, and yet to provide for, every description of fantastic extravagance which the unbounded profusion of his mistress insisted on. Josephine would listen to his representations, and would read or seem to read, his long accounts with infinite patience; but it never entered into her intention of following his advice, or restricting her taste, however expensive and inconvenient.

The emperor had given private orders to his friends to use their utmost ingenuity to attract to his wife's court ladies of old family and distinguished manners; and it was comical to observe the unconcealed gratification of many of the new courtiers, when they found themselves companions of personages whose names sounded well in their ears.

Among the ladies who had been attracted to Josephine's court with her husband, was the young and pretty Vicomtesse de Turenne, whose diamonds dazzled the eyes of the empress and her attendants, quite as much as her beauty. Her husband, a tall, fine, noble-looking man, was appointed to a place about the court; and great was the satisfaction of those who had thus an opportunity of calling him comrade. One of the young officers, who might "be relished more in the soldier than the scholar," remarked on this occasion to a friend—

"Well, since our general has taken a fancy to place aristocratic names amongst ours, let him always give us comrades with names like that of our new Turenne. Not a colonel amongst us who will not be proud of calling a grandson of the great Turenne his comrade. With such a name who would n't fight? These sort of folks are far better than those dandies of emigrants who are coming back on all sides, waiting to be asked to recommence their old fooleries."

It was useless to tell the officer that Turenne had left no lineage; and to hint that others of the old school had, in spite of their birth, fought as well as he had for their country; the name of Turenne was all the soldier retained, and those of Montmorency or Montemart carried with them no such charm to his mind.

This little weakness on the part of a fine young man was all that could be found laughable in his character; he was a type of his class, and possessed all their good qualities; a republican annoyed at the empire, but adoring Bonaparte, and obeying him implicitly even though disapproving of his measures; brave, generous, and inflexible in duty. He was put to a cruel proof, for it was to this officer that Napoleon entrusted the command of the picket of men condemned to fire on the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien.

He performed the terrible duty without knowing who was the victim condemned until the deed was done; but while he deplored with agony the event, he persisted that the order did not emanate from his emperor, "who," he said, "never commanded the death of any one in cold blood, and only in the heat of battle and when himself

exposed to danger.—Don't you know," he would say, "that poor Josephine rushed into his chamber, wringing her hands and crying bitterly, calling out, 'The Duke d'Enghien is dead; ah, my God! what have you done!' and did n't the emperor fall back in his chair, and in a stifled voice exclaim, 'The wretches! they have been too sudden.' I know that for several days after he remained half-distracted, and for nights he never slept. No, no; the order came from the emperor's enemies, not from himself."

Just before the empress quitted Paris, she had assisted at the distribution of the decorations of the Legion of Honor, which took place with infinite pomp at the Church of the Invalides. Whole volumes might have been made of the epigrams, full of disdainful allusions and witty scorn, which flew about on this occasion in reference to an order which has since been the object of ambition to every man in France, "so much the great and little are the same." Nothing could equal the indignation of the old *régime* at the impertinence of what they called the parvenu emperor; but so unpopular amongst a large proportion of Napoleon's republican friends was this aping of royalty, that it did not seem too much for many a royalist to say, with a hope, "Never mind; this cross gives me a certainty of recovering my cross of St. Louis."

Every department was to have its share in these distributions, and it was decided that Josephine should present those allotted to the department of Roër. The ceremony was a sort of rehearsal of what should take place when the projected coronation was carried out; and the charming and graceful empress went through it all; her robes covered with gold embroidery, and her head a blaze of diamonds, with great satisfaction to her vanity, and to the admiration of all who were present.

The farce was well played by this graceful actress, and the imperial insignia of Charlemagne's power being placed on the cathedral altar—as if ready for the hand that should be daring enough to grasp them—added solemnity to the scene; while Josephine's fair hand bestowed the decoration on the emperor's friends; who received it with as much pleasure as Roland, Roger, or Rinaldo, of Montalban could have done from that of the Imperial Charles in times gone by. The only incident which occurred to give occasion for the laughter-loving court to indulge their caustic humor was the speech made by a certain general, which concluded by the remark that "he rejoiced to behold virtue seated on the throne with beauty beside her." This piece of eloquence pleased no one it was intended to compliment; for it seemed to imply the absence of beauty in the virtuous, and the absence of virtue in the beautiful. Josephine herself was very much entertained at the speech, and tried to find out what would be said on the subject by her witty friends; for she enjoyed repeating to the emperor all the *bons mots* that were in vogue; who would listen to them, and join her good-humored laugh, even at his own expense.

Josephine was very frank with her intimates, and with those whom she thought she might trust. She liked to dwell on the prediction at Martinique, which had promised her great fortune in her second marriage, and a title beyond that of queen. She said Bonaparte believed in it as much as she did; and the fulfilment of the first part of the pre-

diction had had some influence in his resolution to make himself emperor.

"He is persuaded," she said, "that I bring him good luck, and he would not for the world set out to join the army at any time without having embraced me. It is true he often scolds when his abominable police betrays to him that I have visited Mademoiselle Lenormand; but while he abuses her, he always asks me what she said, and is gratified when she has predicted new triumphs for him."

Napoleon was greatly annoyed by a prediction insolently made by Népomucène Lemerrier; who, disapproving of his departure from republican principles, had sent back to him the cross of the Legion of Honor; and as he took leave of the emperor, remarked, "You are amusing yourself by remaking the bed of the Bourbons; well, I predict that you will not sleep in it ten years." By a singular coincidence, Napoleon's career was ended in nine years and nine months from the day the prediction was made.

Poor Josephine was destined to many little mortifications, to which her vanity and love of admiration exposed her. Amongst others, was one brought about oddly enough. Picard, the manager and author, had produced a new piece, bearing the startling title of "The Woman of Forty-five;" the whole drift of which was to ridicule a person of that age who strives to avert the injuries of age by means of dress.

The whole court sat to see this unlucky piece. in agonies at its inappropriate sallies; while the empress could with difficulty conceal her annoyance. One of her ladies, of whom she asked her opinion of the new piece, contrived to elicit from her a smile of approbation by a ready reply.

"I cannot be a fair judge of the piece," said she with rather a bitter smile; "it would be well to hint to Picard to have it played in future only before women of twenty-five."

"I think, madam," replied the lady, "those might be included as audience who look only that age."

Josephine, in the midst of her occupations of parade, pleasure, and study to play at court well, received daily a courier from Napoleon at Boulogne. In the evening she generally communicated part of the information she received from the emperor to her assembled guests in terms dictated to her by him, but conveying by no means the exact truth of events.

In particular, the version with which she amused the company of the frightful tempest which endangered the French flotilla was extremely far removed from the fact.

An intimate friend of Admiral Bruix (who commanded the flotilla) then at Aix-la-Chapelle, received a courier at the same time as the empress, giving a very different detail of the circumstances. The letter was written by a naval officer, almost a stranger to the admiral; but who, knowing the interest his friend took, was anxious to explain to him, at once, the cause of the disgrace which had fallen on the distinguished naval commander. The letter ran as follows, and is a curious document when compared with the current report, that "an imprudence on the part of the admiral had nearly caused great disasters; but the fleet had braved the fury of the tempest, and nothing could equal the enthusiasm of the men as to which should first set foot on the British shores." The emperor's

letter read by Josephine, ended by relating a comic scene, in which he reproached himself for being half killed with laughter to see his minister of marine tumble into the water in attempting to cross a plank. "It will be said, nay, published everywhere, that your friend is in the wrong; do not believe it, it is not true; if I should lose my name and my command I would still repeat that it is false. The other morning, as he mounted his horse, the emperor announced his intention of reviewing the naval squadron; he gave orders that the position of the vessels, which formed the line, should be changed, being desirous, as he said, to pass them in review out at sea. After these commands he went to take his usual walk, accompanied by Roustan (his Mameluke servant), desiring that all should be ready by the time of his return. These orders were transmitted to Admiral Bruix, who answered very quietly; 'The review cannot take place to-day; therefore let nothing be changed.'

"The emperor, soon after this, returned to the port and inquired if all was ready; the answer of the admiral was then reported to him. He had it repeated to him twice, and stamped his foot on the ground as he listened; rage flashed from his eyes, and he commanded that the admiral should be instantly sent for; but so impatient was he, that he would not wait till he arrived. He met him half way from his post; the staff of the emperor paused and formed a circle behind him in solemn silence, for Napoleon had seldom before been seen in so tremendous a passion.

"*'Monsieur l'Amiral,'* said he in a stifled voice, 'why are not my orders executed!'

"*'Sire,'* replied Admiral Bruix, with respectful firmness, 'a frightful storm is on the point of bursting over us. Your majesty may observe the indications of it as clearly as myself. Will you then expose the lives of so many brave men?'

"*'Monsieur,'* replied the emperor, more and more irritated, 'I gave a command; once again, I ask you, why it was not executed! I take the consequences on myself—your part is to obey.'

"*'Sire, I shall not obey,'* said the admiral.

"*'Monsieur, you are insolent!'*

"As the emperor uttered these words, he advanced towards the admiral with his riding-whip in his hand, in a menacing attitude. The admiral drew back a step, clapped his hand to his sword, and, turning deadly pale, said—

"*'Sire—beware what you do!'*

"Every one that saw this scene shuddered with terror. The emperor, in an immovable attitude, with his hand still raised holding his whip, fixed his eyes on the admiral, who did not move from the position he had assumed. At length Napoleon suddenly threw his whip on the ground; and, at the same instant, M. Bruix removed his hand from his sword, and stood uncovered to hear the emperor's further orders.

"*'Vice-Admiral Magon,'* said Bonaparte, 'you will instantly see that my orders are obeyed, and that the movement I commanded take place. As for you, sir,' he added, turning to M. Bruix, 'you will quit Boulogne in twenty-four hours and retire to Holland.'

"The emperor then withdrew to witness the movement which Vice-Admiral Magon was ordering. But scarcely had the first manoeuvre begun to satisfy the emperor's wish, when the sky became obscured with heavy clouds—thunder burst forth, and wind, with a mighty rush, broke all the lines

at once. In fact, what the admiral predicted had happened. The vessels were dispersed, and the most imminent danger threatened the whole fleet. The emperor, his head bent down, his arms crossed, his aspect haggard, traversed the port with rapid strides; when, suddenly, the most heart-rending cries were heard. More than twenty war-sloops were stranded on the shore; the unfortunate crews struggled in vain against the fury of the waves, shrieking for help; but so terrific was the danger that none dared to attempt to save them.

"I saw all this with my heart burning with rage and indignation, and I inwardly cursed the obstinacy of the man who had caused so sad a disaster. Presently I beheld him break from the arms of several persons who were striving to detain him; and, leaping into a safety-boat, exclaimed loudly,

"*'Let me go—let me go—some effort must be made to save them!'*

"Already the boat was filling; the waves dashed all over him, and his hat was dashed off into the water. The courage he showed animated the rest; and, in a moment, officers, men, lookers-on, and sailors, dashed into the surf; some swimming, some in boats, in the hope of affording succor to the unfortunate victims. But, alas! in spite of every exertion, very few were saved; and the tide of the next morning cast upon the shore more than two hundred corpses—and the hat of the hero of Marengo!" This account is confirmed by Constant in his memoirs of the time, and may be relied on.

It was not etiquette from that time to mention the tempest at Boulogne; and the jocose story of M. Crest, the minister of marine, having got a ducking, was the sole topic of the court when the emperor's letter was alluded to.

When the great man himself arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, he visited the relics in which the cathedral was then rich; amongst them was an arm of Saint Charlemagne, which was always held in great reverence. As Bonaparte was examining it he called Doctor Corvisart to him, and begged him to explain to what part of the arm of the conqueror belonged an enormous bone which had been for ages carefully kept under a glass-case. Corvisart at this question smiled, and remained silent. The emperor renewed his question, when the doctor answered in a low voice, that the bone was a *tibia* which might have belonged to the leg of Charlemagne; but could by no possibility have had anything to do with his arm.

"Very well," said the emperor, "keep the secret; it is better not to offend ancient and respectable prejudices."

But the anatomical comment of the learned doctor had been overheard, and the story was repeated from mouth to mouth with no little merit.

Nothing could exceed the servility of the bishop and the clergy on this occasion. They descended to a variety of tricks to please the empress; offering her a sacred box, to which, they said, a tradition attached that it could never be opened but by a person who brought good fortune everywhere. Of course it opened in her hands, and flattered her not a little. The shrines were all laid bare for the emperor. The inscriptions were read on the doors of the palace; which he chose to interpret as a sign that he was destined to renew the empire of the East, and be as great a conqueror as Charlemagne himself.

NEW BOOKS.

Kathay: A Cruise in the China Seas. By W. Hastings Macaulay. Putnam.

The author went out in a government ship, in 1850, and his narrative of the cruise is graphic and interesting.

Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems. By Alaric A. Watts. Elegantly illustrated. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1853.

There has been but little better poetry than is contained in this volume, published within the last decade; and no poet could desire a more gorgeous and superb housing for his muse than he receives at the hands of the Butlers. Like the Irish Melodies, it is printed in a small quarto, and illustrated by eleven choice engravings by Sartain. It is the only illustrated edition of the *Lyrics of the Heart* we have ever seen.—*Evening Post*.

Table-Talk on Books, Men, and Manners. By Chetwood Evelyn, Esq.

A very interesting compilation from the writings of Sydney Smith, Coleridge, Brougham, and other eminent English authors. It constitutes a volume of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library.

History of Romulus. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harpers.

The series of historical narratives prepared by this author deserve the popular favor which has been accorded to them. They present succinct statements of facts in plain, simple, and connected narrative. In the volume before us he recites the legends connected with the birth of Romulus and the foundation of ancient Rome, as stories interesting from the effect a belief in them produced on an unenlightened generation.—*Journal of Commerce*.

Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. By Thomas de Quincey, author of *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*, &c. &c. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1852.

Another brace of volumes by de Quincey, who is spoken of as a master of the purest English style now written in England; and he doubtless is. His prose writings are as unequivocally classics as the *Spectator* of Addison, or the *Essays* of Macaulay. It is not a little singular that it should have been left to an American publisher to furnish the first collected edition of his works. It is proper to notice here, by the way, that this collection has been made by the publishers, with the permission and assistance of the gifted author.

Nine volumes are now before the public; the two of which we have spoken; *The Confessions of an Opium-Eater* and *Suspiria de Profundis* in another, *Biographical Essays* in a fourth, *Miscellaneous Essays* in a fifth, *The Cæsars* in a sixth, *Life and Manners* in a seventh, and *Literary Reminiscences* in two more, making the nine. The following are the subjects of the papers in the two volumes which are now offered: Volume first—"The Household Wreck," "The Spanish Nun," and "Flight of a Tartar Tribe." Volume second—"The Story of the Backroom Window," "A Chapter of Fragments," "The Usher," "Monsieur de Beam," "The Happy Day," "On English Tragedy," "On English Poetry," "A Defence of Poetry," and "Four Dramatic Scenes." These volumes are sold at 75 cents each; the whole set of nine volumes for \$6.75.—*Evening Post*.

Characteristics of Women.

Messrs. Phillips & Sampson have published, in a very beautiful edition, "The Characteristics of Women—Moral, Poetical, and Historical—by Mrs. Jameson, author of *Diary of an Ennuyée*," &c. &c. This is a republication from the last London edition

of Mrs. Jameson's very agreeable work. It is made up of essays on a great variety of female characters, illustrating these disquisitions by descriptions of characters from Shakspeare, an engraved likeness of the personages treated of accompanying each sketch. It is a very pleasant book, so arranged that it makes a very beautiful one. It is several years since it was first published; and, though deservedly popular at the time, a new generation of readers has since arisen who cannot do better than make themselves acquainted with its contents. The edition now brought out by Messrs. Phillips & Sampson is splendidly printed, and bound in a very heavy and magnificent style.—*Advertiser*.

Woman's Record; or, Sketches of all Distinguished Women. In Four Eras. With Selections from Female Writers of every age. By Sarah Josepha Hale. Illustrated by 230 Portraits. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853.

Here is all womanhood in one great mass meeting, robed in sky-blue and gold. The preface indicates the author's point of view as the champion of womanly dignity, without any traits of the new woman-rights school. Great care has been spent upon the work, alike in research and illustration. A great deal of wholly new information is given respecting living writers; and if, in respect to these, the details as to age, &c., are less specific than might be desired, we must remember the difficulties of the subject, and not demand impossibilities.—*Christian Inquirer*.

The Law and the Testimony. By the author of the "Wide Wide World." Robert Carter & Brothers.

Not a treatise, nor an essay; neither hath it any human writing at all. It is simply a gathering of the whole Bible testimony on each of the cardinal points of Christian belief, which is left to speak for itself. Beneath these grand general heads, about thirty in number, there are no subdivisions, and no artifices of arrangement or collocation; with only an instance or two of exception.

The great interest of the subject, the new and striking mode of its treatment, and the wide popularity of the compiler, will give great attraction to this volume.—*Presbyterian*.

Letter to Lord Mahon; being an answer to his letter addressed to the editor of Washington's Writings. By Jared Sparks. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Any one who wishes to see grave charges thoroughly and forever put down, by the plainest statement of facts, will take an interest in this pamphlet, independently of its subject. But as the subject relating to the integrity of Washington's Writings, in the only edition of them that we have, is one which peculiarly interests every American, it cannot be a matter of indifference to any one who has read Lord Mahon's charges, to learn, as he will here, that these charges are entirely without foundation.—*Christian Register*.

Crosby, Nichols & Co. have published a neatly bound volume, called "*Reminiscences of Thought and Feeling*." It is by a lady, the author of "Visiting my Relations;" and, as we find out from the book itself, of "The Favorites of Nature," "Osmond," "Trials," and other novels of a quarter of a century ago. This volume embraces a very pleasant "autobiography," and is, in every respect, a noticeable book. The author writes easily and interestingly. Her present purpose is to give her mental and religious history and condition.—*Post*.

Life of Sir Walter Scott. By Donald McLeod. New York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

There is probably no man of any age, who has written and been read as much as Sir Walter Scott, about whom so little has been written. Nothing pur-

porting to be a biography of him has been prepared, except the diffused compilation—biography it does not deserve to be called—of Lockhart, issued shortly after Scott's death. The want of discrimination in the selection of his materials, and the carelessness with which they were jumbled together, are such conspicuous defects in Lockhart's work, that it hardly deserves to be called anything more than *Memoires pour servir*, for a biography it certainly is not in any proper acceptation of the phrase. And yet, the literary fame of Lockhart, and his connection to the great romancer, have deterred every one from attempting a task which he ought to have executed better than any one else had the ability to execute it.

Scott is not a very good subject for a biography. He was one of the best story-tellers that ever lived, and he had the good fortune to know the bent of his genius, and the tact to turn it to account. Beyond story-telling, there is not much in his life worth recording, certainly very little that is picturesque or eventful. The consciousness of this fact may have also conspired with the circumstances we have mentioned to keep this field of literary labor comparatively unoccupied up to the present time.

Mr. McLeod, who has detected this vacancy on our library shelves, and undertaken to fill it, is a young man, scarce thirty, who enjoys something of a reputation as a poet, and has recently received some attention from the press as the author of a little traveling romance, entitled "Hugh Pynshurst, his Wanderings and Ways of Thinking."

He has a fervent admiration of Scott, and seems even to love his failings as well as his genius and numerous virtues. He is Scott's champion—indeed, it will be hard ever to find a biographer for Scott who is not—and takes good care to give due prominence to the best plea that can be made in defence of those few incidents in Scott's career which the critic's eye inclines to scan with disapprobation.

From what we have read of Mr. McLeod's book, we incline to think that henceforth, whatever public curiosity about Scott may be felt beyond his works, will satisfy itself rather from this compendious work than from the *indigesta* moles of Lockhart.—*Eve. Post.*

Mrs. Mary L. Ware. A volume containing a memoir of this much beloved and respected lady, the wife of the late Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., has been prepared by her relative, the Rev. Edward B. Hall, Providence. It contains a sketch of her life, with large extracts from her familiar correspondence. Mr. Hall says in his introduction:

"The life of an unpretending Christian woman is never lost. Written or unwritten, it is and ever will be an active power among the elements that form and advance society. Yet the written life will speak to the largest number, will be wholly new to many, and to all may carry a healthy impulse. There are none who are not strengthened and blessed by the knowledge of a meek, firm, consistent character, formed by religious influences, and devoted to the highest ends. And where this character has belonged to a daughter, wife and mother, who has been seen only in the retired domestic sphere, there may be the more reason that it be transferred to the printed page, and an enduring form, because of the very modesty which adorned it, and which would never proclaim itself."

The many friends of Mrs. Ware, here and elsewhere, will receive with reverence and delight these memorials of her beautiful life. The volume must do good wherever it is read, and hundreds of readers, who have never known Mrs. Ware, will be strengthened in duty and cheered in trial by this history of her life, and these letters so beautifully illustrating the life of a true Christian woman. Mr. Hall has done his work well, giving to the memoir, as he says, as much as possible, the character of an autobiography.

The letters contain almost all the facts of the life, and explain it better than a set memoir could have done. A correct likeness of Mrs. Ware forms the frontispiece of the volume. The community are largely indebted to the family and friends of Mrs. Ware, that they have permitted these memorials to be made public. Messrs. Crosby, Nichols & Co., in Boston, are the publishers.—*Daily Advertiser.*

We have already twice referred to this volume in advance of its publication, and have quoted at some length from its instructive pages. It has since been published, and is now offered for sale by its publisher. We have no hesitation in commending it to our readers as a volume every way worthy of their favorable regard. No one could desire, for sister, daughter or friend, a more instructive, pleasing, or touching lesson of the quiet, unobtrusive, simple virtues of domestic life than this unpretending volume, prepared by one at once so appreciative of the virtues of his subject, and so well qualified to do them justice. It is issued in excellent style, and makes quite an attractive volume.—*Atlas.*

Lays of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babbington Macaulay. With illustrations, original and from the antique, engraved by Devereux & Gihon. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1853.

Putnam's "Homes of American Authors," Stringer and Townsend's "Illustrious Personages of the Nineteenth Century," and the above edition of Macaulay's "Classic Poems," are the three most attractive books we have yet seen this season. They address the highest range of taste and culture, and, as an offering of friendship, they imply a high compliment to the taste and culture of the receiver. Of the two first we have recently had our say; the last is a finer specimen of the publishing art than either of the others—equal, indeed, to anything we have ever seen of its kind from the English press.

This volume embraces all the poems ever published by Macaulay—we incur no great risk in saying all he will ever publish. His health and plans of life are such as to confine him very closely for the remainder of his days, which, we fear, will not be many, to that kind of work, which will, in his judgment, best secure his fame, and that, he knows, will not be in the making of verses, gifted as he is in that, as in almost every other literary accomplishment. In this volume, therefore, we presume we have all the poetry that Macaulay will ever leave for the public. Though entitled "The Lays of Ancient Rome," it is proper to mention that the collection embraces his earlier pieces, "Ivrey," "The Armada," &c., which originally appeared, we believe, in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*.

The classical illustrations of the volume are exceedingly curious and rare, having been selected or designed mainly by Macaulay himself, and executed by artists of the highest order of merit.—*Eve. Post.*

A work of much beauty, and of profound interest to the religious world, is the "*American Missionary Memorial*," published by the Messrs. Harpers. It contains historical sketches of American Missions, with biographies of all those self-sacrificing servants of the cause whose heroism does higher honor to the nation than the noblest displays of patriotism. The memoirs are contributed by a number of the leading divines of the American pulpit; the principal care of Rev. H. W. Pierson, the editor, being confined to the arrangement of the matter, and the addition of a fine series of portraits, engravings, autographs, &c., which untiring industry alone could have brought together. The book presents itself opportunely to those who desire an appropriate gift book for a Christian friend.—*N. Y. Times.*